

# MORE "LAD BALLADS

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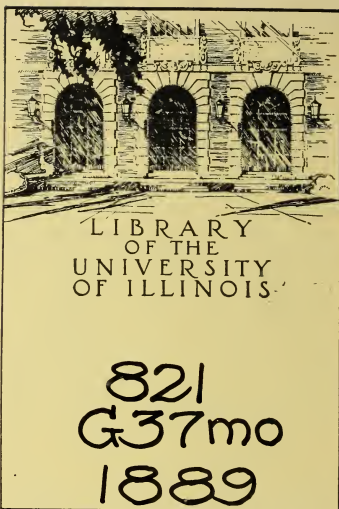


W. S. GILBERT

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## READ THIS FACT.

"94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12th, 1889.

"DEAR SIR,- I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings on paper, but I should like to thank you, for your lozenges have done wonders for me in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive and getting on well) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for abduct, or paralysis of the vocal chords, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; indeed, it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus also, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"Mr. T. KEATING.

"J. HILL."

### MEDICAL NOTE.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense. Mr. Hill kindly allows any reference to be made to him.

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THOMAS KEATING, CHEMIST, LONDON.

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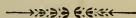
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MORE "BAB" BALLADS

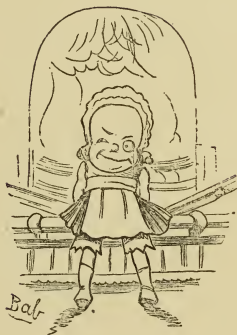




P. H. ANDERSON

# MORE "BAB" BALLADS

*Much Sound and Little Sense*



BY W. S. GILBERT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK



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# MORE "BAB" BALLADS.



## MISTER WILLIAM.

**Q**H, listen to the tale of MISTER WILLIAM,  
if you please,  
Whom naughty, naughty judges sent away  
beyond the seas.  
He forged a party's will, which caused anxiety and  
strife,  
Resulting in his getting penal servitude for life.

He was a kindly goodly man, and naturally prone,  
Instead of taking others' gold, to give away his own.  
But he had heard of Vice, and longed for only once  
to strike—

To plan *one* little wickedness—to see what it was  
like.

He argued with himself, and said, "A spotless man  
am I ;

I can't be more respectable, however hard I try ;  
For six and thirty years I've always been as good  
as gold,

And now for half an hour I'll plan infamy untold !

"A baby who is wicked at the early age of one,  
And then reforms—and dies at thirty-six a spotless  
son,

Is never, never saddled with his babyhood's defect,  
But earns from worthy men consideration and respect.

"So one who never revelled in discreditable tricks  
Until he reached the comfortable age of thirty-six,  
May then for half an hour perpetrate a deed of  
shame,

Without incurring permanent disgrace, or even  
blame.

"That babies don't commit such crimes as forgery  
is true,

But little sins develop, if you leave 'em to accrue ;  
And he who shuns all vices as successive seasons  
roll,

Should reap at length the benefit of so much self-  
control.

“The common sin of babyhood—objecting to be  
drest—

If you leave it to accumulate at compound interest,  
For anything you know, may represent, if you’re  
alive,

A burglary or murder at the age of thirty-five.

“Still, I wouldn’t take advantage of this fact, but  
be content

With some pardonable folly—it’s a mere experi-  
ment.

The greater the temptation to go wrong, the less  
the sin ;

So with something that’s particularly tempting I’ll  
begin.

“I would not steal a penny, for my income’s very  
fair—

I do not want a penny—I have pennies and to  
spare—

And if I stole a penny from a money-bag or till,  
The sin would be enormous—the temptation being  
*nil*.

“But if I broke asunder all such pettifogging bounds,  
And forged a party’s Will for (say) Five Hundred  
Thousand Pounds,

With such an irresistible temptation to a haul,  
Of course the sin must be infinitesimally small.

“There’s WILSON who is dying—he has wealth from  
Stock and rent—

If I divert his riches from their natural descent,

I'm placed in a position to indulge each little whim."  
So he diverted them—and they, in turn, diverted  
him.

Unfortunately, though, by some unpardonable flaw,  
Temptation isn't recognized by Britain's Common  
Law ;

Men found him out by some peculiarity of touch,  
And WILLIAM got a "lifer," which annoyed him  
very much.

For, ah ! he never reconciled himself to life in gaol,  
He fretted and he pined, and grew dispirited and  
pale ;

He was numbered like a cabman, too, which told  
upon him so,  
That his spirits, once so buoyant, grew uncomfort-  
ably low.

And sympathetic gaolers would remark, "It's very  
true,

He ain't been brought up common, like the likes  
of me and you."

So, they took him into hospital, and gave him  
mutton chops,

And chocolate, and arrowroot, and buns, and malt  
and hops.

Kind Clergymen, besides, grew interested in his fate,  
Affected by the details of his pitiable state.

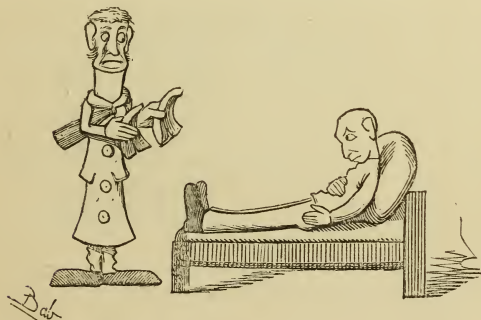
They waited on the Secretary, somewhere in White-  
hall,

Who said he would receive them any day they liked  
to call.



“Consider, sir, the hardship of this interesting case :  
 A prison life brings with it something very like dis-  
 grace ;  
 It’s telling on young WILLIAM, who’s reduced to  
 skin and bone—  
 Remember he’s a gentleman, with money of his own.

“He had an ample income, and of course he stands  
 in need  
 Of sherry with his dinner, and his customary weed ;  
 No delicacies now can pass his gentlemanly lips—  
 He misses his sea-bathing and his continental trips.



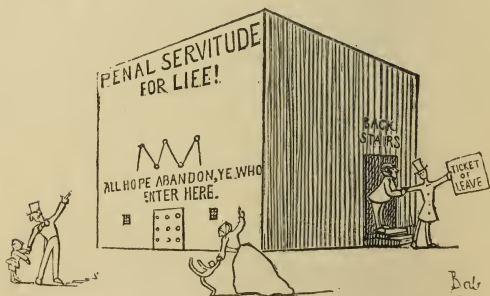
“He says the other prisoners are commonplace and  
 rude ;  
 He says he cannot relish uncongenial prison food.  
 When quite a boy they taught him to distinguish  
 Good from Bad,  
 And other educational advantages he’s had.

"A burglar or garotter, or, indeed, a common thief  
Is very glad to batten on potatoes and on beef,  
Or anything, in short, that prison kitchens can  
afford,—

A cut above the diet in a common workhouse ward.

"But beef and mutton-broth don't seem to suit our  
WILLIAM'S whim,

A boon to other prisoners—a punishment to him.  
It never was intended that the discipline of gaol  
Should dash a convict's spirits, sir, or make him thin  
or pale."



"Good Gracious Me!" that sympathetic Secretary  
cried,

"Suppose in prison fetters MISTER WILLIAM should  
have died!

Dear me, of course! Imprisonment for *Life* his  
sentence saith:

I'm very glad you mentioned it—it might have  
been For Death!

“Release him with a ticket—he’ll be better then,  
no doubt,  
And tell him I apologize.” So MISTER WILLIAM’S  
out.  
I hope he will be careful in his manuscripts, I’m  
sure,  
And not begin experimentalizing any more.



### THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY.



**I** 'M old, my dears, and shrivelled with age, and  
 work, and grief,  
 My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been drawn  
 by Time, the Thief!  
 For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great I've  
 run—  
 I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is almost done!  
  
 Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've played  
 the deuce with men!  
 I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty  
 then:

My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes were  
large and sweet,  
POLL PINEAPPLE'S eyes were the standing toast of  
the Royal Fleet !

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served  
the ships  
With apples and cakes, and fowls and beer, and half-  
penny dips,  
And beef for the generous mess, where the officers  
dine at nights,  
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking  
midshipmites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchored in Ports-  
mouth Bay,  
By far the sweetest of all was kind LIEUTENANT  
BELAYE.  
LIEUTENANT BELAYE commanded the gunboat, *Hot  
Cross Bun*,  
She was seven and thirty feet in length, and she  
carried a gun.

With the laudable view of enhancing his country's  
naval pride,  
When people inquired her size, LIEUTENANT  
BELAYE replied,  
"Oh, my ship, my ship is the first of the Hundred  
and Seventy-ones !"  
Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined it  
meant her guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon me  
down below,  
"Come down, Little Buttercup, come" (for he loved  
to call me so),  
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd  
taken a part,  
And so LIEUTENANT BELAYE won poor POLL PINE-  
APPLE's heart!

But at length his orders came, and he said one day,  
said he,  
"I'm ordered to sail with the *Hot Cross Bun* to  
the German Sea."  
And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they learnt  
the evil day,  
For every Portsmouth maid loved good LIEUTENANT  
BELAYE.

And I went to a back back street, with plenty of  
cheap cheap shops,  
And I bought an oilskin hat, and a second-hand suit  
of slops,  
And I went to LIEUTENANT BELAYE (and he never  
suspected *me!*)  
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go to  
sea.

We sailed that afternoon at the mystic hour of one,—  
Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the  
*Hot Cross Bun*.

I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors some-  
times swear,  
But I never yet heard a *Bun* say anything wrong, I  
declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Messmate,  
ho! What cheer?"

But here, on the *Hot Cross Bun*, it was "How do  
you do, my dear?"

When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl with a  
big big D—

But the strongest oath of the *Hot Cross Buns* was a  
mild "Dear me!"



Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could  
scarcely call them slick:

Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely  
sick;

And whenever the weather was calm, and the wind  
was light and fair,

They spent more time than a sailor should on his  
back back hair.

They certainly shivered and shook when ordered  
aloft to run,  
And they screamed when LIEUTENANT BELAYE dis-  
charged his only gun.  
And as he was proud of his gun—such pride is  
hardly wrong—  
The Lieutenant was blazing away at intervals all  
day long.

They all agreed very well, though at times you  
heard it said  
That BILL had a way of his own of making his lips  
look red—  
That JOE looked quite his age—or somebody might  
declare  
That BARNACLE's long pig-tail was never his own  
own hair.

BELAYE would admit that his men were of no great  
use to him,  
"But then," he would say, "there is little to do on  
a gunboat trim.  
I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big gun  
too—  
And it *is* such a treat to sail with a gentle well-bred  
crew."

I saw him every day! How the happy moments  
sped!  
Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty  
weather ahead!



(I do not mean that tempests threatened the *Hot Cross Bun* :

In *that* case, I don't know whatever we *should* have done !)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one day,

And off on leave for a week went kind LIEUTENANT BELAYE,

And after a long long week had passed (and it seemed like a life),

LIEUTENANT BELAYE returned to his ship with a fair young wife !

He up, and he says, says he, "O crew of the *Hot Cross Bun*,

Here is the wife of my heart, for the Church has made us one !"

And as he uttered the word, the crew went out of their wits,

And all fell down in so many separate fainting fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the case might be,

And lo ! the rest of the crew were simple girls, like me,

Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array,

To follow the shifting fate of kind LIEUTENANT BELAYE.

\*

\*

\*

\*

It's strange to think that *I* should ever have loved  
young men,  
But I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely  
sixty then,  
And now my cheeks are furrowed with grief and  
age, I trow !  
And poor POLL PINEAPPLE's eyes have lost their  
lustre now !





## THE TWO OGRES.



GOOD children, list, if you're inclined,  
 And wicked children too—  
 This pretty ballad is designed  
 Especially for you.

Two ogres dwelt in Wickham Wold,  
 One grown up—one a lad :  
 The younger was as good as gold,  
 The elder one was bad.

A wicked, disobedient son  
 Was JAMES MC ALPINE, and  
 A contrast to the younger one,  
 Good APPLEBODY BLAND.

MC ALPINE—brutes like him are few—  
 In greediness delights,  
 A melancholy victim to  
 Unchastened appetites.

Good, well-bred children every day  
 He ravenously ate,—  
 All boys were fish who found their way  
 Into MC ALPINE'S net :

Boys whose good breeding is innate,  
 Whose sums are always right ;  
 And boys who don't expostulate  
 When sent to bed at night ;

And kindly boys who never search  
 The nests of birds of song ;  
 And serious boys for whom, in church,  
 No sermon is too long.

Contrast with JAMES'S greedy haste  
 And comprehensive hand,  
 The nice discriminating taste  
 Of APPLEBODY BLAND.

BLAND only eats bad boys, who swear—  
 Who *can* behave, but *don't*—  
 Disgraceful lads who say "don't care,"  
 And "shan't," and "can't," and "won't."

Who wet their shoes and learn to box,  
 And say what isn't true,  
 Who bite their nails and jam their frocks,  
 And make long noses too ;



Who kick a nurse's aged shin,  
 And sit in sulky mopes ;  
 And boys who twirl poor kittens in  
 Distracting zoëtropes.

But JAMES, before he grew so big,  
 Had often been to school,  
 And though, of course, a reckless pig,  
 He wasn't quite a fool.

At logic few with him could vie ;  
 To his peculiar sect  
 He could propose a fallacy  
 With singular effect.

So, when his Mentors said, " You hound,  
 Why eat good children—why ?"  
 Upon his Mentors he would round  
 With this absurd reply :

"I have been taught to love the good—  
The pure—the unalloyed—  
And wicked boys, I've understood,  
I always should avoid.

"Why do I eat good children—why?  
Because I love them so!"  
(But this was empty sophistry,  
As your Papa can show.)

Now, though the learning of his friends  
Was truly not immense,  
They had a way of fitting ends  
By rule of common sense.

"Away, away!" his Mentors cried,  
"Thou uncongenial pest!  
A quirk's a thing we can't abide,  
A quibble we detest!

"A fallacy in your reply  
Our intellect descries,  
Although we don't pretend to spy  
Exactly where it lies.

"In misery, unworthy son,  
Must end a glutton's joys;  
And learn how ogres punish one  
Who dares to eat good boys.

"Secured by fetter, cramp, and chain,  
And gagged securely—so—  
You shall be placed in Drury Lane,  
Where only good lads go.



“Surrounded there by virtuous boys,  
 You ’ll suffer torture wus  
 Than that which constantly annoys  
 Disgraceful TANTALUS.

(“If you would learn the woes that vex  
 Poor TANTALUS, down there,  
 Pray borrow of Papa an ex-  
 Purgated LEMPRIÈRE.)

“But as for APPLEBODY BLAND,  
 Who only eats the bad,  
 A fitting recompense we ’ve planned  
 For that deserving lad.

“Where naughty boys in crowds are stowed  
He shall unquestioned rule,  
And have the run of Hackney Road  
Reformatory School.”







## LITTLE OLIVER.

**E**ARL JOYCE he was a kind old party  
 Whom nothing ever could put out,  
 Though eighty-two, he still was hearty,  
 Excepting as regarded gout.

He had one unexampled daughter,  
 The LADY MINNIE-HAHA JOYCE,  
 Fair MINNIE-HAHA, "Laughing Water,"  
 So called from her melodious voice.

By Nature planned for lover-capture,  
 Her beauty every heart assailed ;  
 The good old nobleman with rapture  
 Observed how widely she prevailed.

Aloof from all the lordly flockings  
 Of titled swells who worshipped her,  
 There stood, in pumps and cotton stockings,  
 One humble lover—OLIVER.

He was no peer by Fortune petted,  
 His name recalled no bygone age ;  
 He was no lordling coronetted—  
 Alas ! he was a simple page !

With vain appeals he never bored her,  
 But stood in silent sorrow by—  
 He knew how fondly he adored her,  
 And knew, alas ! how hopelessly !

Well grounded by a village tutor  
 In languages alive and past,  
 He 'd say unto himself, " Knee-suitor,  
 Oh, do not go beyond your last ! "

But though his name could boast no handle,  
 He could not every hope resign ;  
 As moths will hover round a candle,  
 So hovered he about her shrine.

The brilliant candle dazed the moth well :  
 One day she sang to her Papa  
 The air that MARIE sings with BOTHWELL  
 In NEIDERMEVER's opera.

(Therein a stable boy, it's stated,  
 Devoutly loved a noble dame,  
 And that the dame reciprocated  
 His rather injudicious flame.)



And then, before the piano closing  
 (He listened coyly at the door)  
 She sang a song of her composing—  
 I give one verse from half a score :

## BALLAD.

*Why, pretty page, art ever sighing?  
 Is sorrow in thy heartlet lying?*

*Come, set a-ringing  
 Thy laugh entrancing,  
 And ever singing  
 And ever dancing.*

*Ever singing, Tra! la! la!  
 Ever dancing, Tra! la! la!  
 Ever singing, ever dancing,  
 Ever singing, Tra! la! la!*

He skipped for joy like little muttons,  
 He danced like Esmeralda's kid  
 (She did not mean a boy in buttons,  
 Although he fancied that she did).

Poor lad! convinced he thus would win her,  
 He wore out many pairs of soles;  
 He danced when taking down the dinner—  
 He danced when bringing up the coals.

He danced and sang (however laden)  
 With his incessant "Tra! la! la!"  
 Which much surprised the noble maiden,  
 And puzzled even her Papa.



He nourished now his flame and fanned it,  
 He even danced at work below.  
 At length the servants wouldn't stand it,  
 And BOWLES the butler told him so.

At length on impulse acting blindly,  
 His love he laid completely bare;  
 The gentle Earl received him kindly,  
 And told the lad to take a chair.

“Oh, sir,” the suitor uttered sadly,  
“Don’t give your indignation vent ;  
I fear you think I ’m acting madly,  
Perhaps you think me insolent ?”

The kindly Earl repelled the notion ;  
His noble bosom heaved a sigh,  
His fingers trembled with emotion,  
A tear stood in his mild blue eye.

For, oh ! the scene recalled too plainly  
The half-forgotten time when he,  
A boy of nine, had worshipped vainly  
A governess of forty-three !

“My boy,” he said, his hands still wringing,  
“Give up this idle fancy—do—  
The ballad that you heard her singing  
Did not, indeed, refer to you.

“I feel for you, poor boy, acutely ;  
I would not wish to give you pain ;  
Your pangs I estimate minutely,—  
I, too, have loved, and loved in vain.

“But still your humble rank and station  
For MINNIE surely are not meet”—  
He said much more in conversation  
Which it were needless to repeat.

Now I ’m prepared to bet a guinea,  
Were this a mere dramatic case,  
The page would have eloped with MINNIE,  
But, no—he only left his place.

The simple Truth is my detective,  
With me Sensation can't abide ;  
The Likely beats the mere Effective,  
And Nature is my only guide.





## PASHA BAILEY BEN.

**A** PROUD Pasha was BAILEY BEN,  
 His wives were three, his tails were ten,  
 His form was dignified, but stout,  
 Men called him "Little Roundabout."

*His Importance.*

Pale Pilgrims came from o'er the sea  
 To wait on PASHA BAILEY B.,  
 All bearing presents in a crowd,  
 For B. was poor as well as proud.

*His Presents.*

They brought him onions strung on ropes,  
 And cold boiled beef, and telescopes,  
 And balls of string, and shrimps, and guns,  
 And chops, and tacks, and hats, and buns.

*More of them.*

They brought him white kid gloves, and pails,  
 And candlesticks, and potted quails,  
 And capstan-bars, and scales and weights,  
 And ornaments for empty grates.

*Why I mention these.*

My tale is not of these—oh, no !  
 I only mention them to show  
 The divers gifts that divers men  
 Brought o'er the sea to BAILEY BEN.

*His Confidant.*

A confidant had BAILEY B.,  
 A gay Mongolian dog was he ;  
 I am not good at Turkish names,  
 And so I call him SIMPLE JAMES.

*His Confidant's Countenance.*

A dreadful legend you might trace  
 In SIMPLE JAMES'S honest face,  
 For there you read, in Nature's print,  
 "A Scoundrel of the Deepest Tint."



*His Character.*

A deed of blood, or fire, or flames,  
Was meat and drink to SIMPLE JAMES!



To hide his guilt he did not plan,  
But owned himself a bad young man.

*The Author to his Reader.*

And why on earth good BAILEY BEN  
 (The wisest, noblest, best of men)  
 Made SIMPLE JAMES his right-hand man  
 Is quite beyond my mental span.

*The same, continued.*

But there—enough of gruesome deeds!  
 My heart, in thinking of them, bleeds  
 And so let SIMPLE JAMES take wing,—  
 'T is not of him I'm going to sing.

*The Pasha's Clerk.*

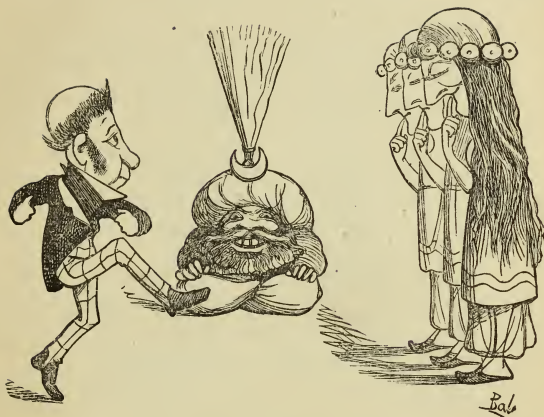
Good PASHA BAILEY kept a clerk  
 (For BAILEY only made his mark),  
 His name was MATTHEW WYCOMBE COO,  
 A man of nearly forty-two.

*His Accomplishments.*

No person that I ever knew  
 Could "yödel" half as well as COO;  
 And Highlanders exclaimed, "Ah, weel!"  
 When COO began to dance a reel.

*His Kindness to the Pasha's Wives.*

He used to dance and sing and play  
 In such an unaffected way,  
 He cheered the unexciting lives  
 Of PASHA BAILEY'S lovely wives.



*The Author to his Reader.*

But why should I encumber you  
 With histories of MATTHEW COO?  
 Let MATTHEW COO at once take wing,—  
 'T is not of COO I'm going to sing.

*The Author's Muse.*

Let me recall my wandering Muse;  
 She *shall* be steady if I choose—  
 She roves, instead of helping me  
 To tell the deeds of BAILEY B.

One morning knocked, at half-past eight,  
 A tall Red Indian at his gate.  
 In Turkey, as you're p'raps aware,  
 Red Indians are extremely rare.

Mocassins decked his graceful legs,  
 His eyes were black, and round as eggs,  
 And on his neck, instead of beads,  
 Hung several Catawampous seeds.

"Ho, ho!" he said, "thou pale-faced one,  
 Poor offspring of an Eastern sun,  
 You've *never* seen the Red Man skip  
 Upon the banks of Mississip!"

To say that BAILEY oped his eyes  
 Would feebly paint his great surprise—  
 To say it almost made him die  
 Would be to paint it much too high.

But why should I ransack my head  
 To tell you all that Indian said  
 We'll let the Indian man take wing,—  
 'Tis not of him I'm going to sing.

*The Reader to the Author.*

Come, come, I say, that's quite enough  
 Of this absurd disjointed stuff;  
 Now let's get on to that affair  
 About LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FLARE.



## LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FLARE.

—◆—

THE earth has armies plenty,  
 And semi-warlike bands,  
 I dare say there are twenty  
 In European lands ;  
 But, oh ! in no direction  
 You 'd find one to compare  
 In brotherly affection  
 With that of COLONEL FLARE.

His soldiers might be rated  
 As military Pearls :  
 As unsophisticated  
 As pretty little girls !

They never smoked or ratted,  
 Or talked of Sues or Polls ;  
 The Sergeant-Major tatted,  
 The others nursed their dolls.

He spent the days in teaching  
 These truly solemn facts :  
 There 's little use in preaching,  
 Or circulating tracts.  
 (The vainest plan invented  
 For laying other creeds,  
 Unless it 's supplemented  
 With charitable *deeds*.)

He taught his soldiers kindly  
 To give at Hunger's call :  
 " Oh, better far give blindly  
 Than never give at all !  
 Though sympathy be kindled  
 By Imposition's game,  
 Oh, better far be swindled  
 Than smother up its flame ! "

His means were far from ample  
 For pleasure or for dress,  
 Yet note this bright example  
 Of single-heartedness :  
 Though ranking as a Colonel,  
 His pay was but a groat,  
 While their reward diurnal  
 Was—each a five-pound note.

Moreover,—this evinces  
His kindness, you'll allow,—  
He fed them all like princes,  
And lived himself on cow.  
He set them all regaling  
On curious wines, and dear,  
While he would sit pale-ale-ing  
Or quaffing ginger-beer.

Then at his instigation  
(A pretty fancy this)  
Their daily pay and ration  
They'd always change for his ;  
They brought it to him weekly,  
And he without a groan  
Would take it from them meekly,  
And give them all his own !

Though not exactly knighted  
As knights, of course, should be,  
Yet no one so delighted  
In harmless chivalry.  
If peasant girl or ladye  
Beneath misfortunes sank,  
Whate'er distinctions made he,  
They were not those of rank.

No maiden young and comely  
Who wanted good advice  
(However poor or homely)  
Need ask him for it twice.

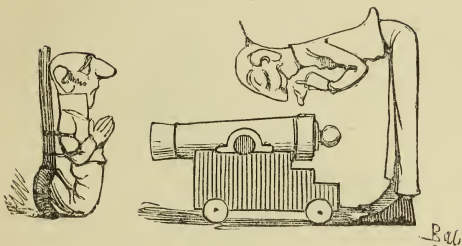


He 'd wipe away the blindness  
 That comes of teary dew;  
 His sympathetic kindness  
 No sort of limit knew.

He always hated dealing  
 With men who schemed or planned;  
 A person harsh—unfeeling—  
 The Colonel could not stand.  
 He hated cold, suspecting,  
 Official men in blue,  
 Who pass their lives detecting  
 The crimes that others do.

For men who 'd shoot a sparrow,  
 Or immolate a worm  
 Beneath a farmers harrow,  
 He could not find a term.





Humanely, ay, and knightly  
 He dealt with such an one ;  
 He took and tied him tightly,  
 And blew him from a gun.

The earth has armies plenty,  
 And semi-warlike bands,  
 I'm certain there are twenty  
 In European lands ;  
 But, oh ! in no direction  
 You'd find one to compare  
 In brotherly affection  
 With that of COLONEL FLARE.





## LOST MR. BLAKE.

**M**R. BLAKE was a regular out-and-out hardened sinner,  
Who was quite out of the pale of Christianity, so to speak.

He was in the habit of smoking a long pipe and drinking a glass of grog on Sunday after dinner, And seldom thought of going to church more than twice or—if Good Friday or Christmas Day happened to come in it—three times a week.

He was quite indifferent as to the special kinds of dresses

That the clergyman wore at the church where he used to go to pray,  
And whatever he did in the way of relieving a chap's distresses,

He always did in a sneaking, underhanded, hole-and-corner sort of way.

I have known him indulge in profane, ungentlemanly  
emphatics,  
When the Protestant Church has been divided on  
the subject of the width of a chasuble's hem ;  
I have even known him to sneer at albs—and as  
for dalmatics,  
Words can't convey an idea of the contempt he  
expressed for *them*.

He didn't believe in persons who, not being well  
off themselves, are obliged to confine their  
charitable exertions to collecting money from  
wealthier people,  
And looked upon individuals of the former class  
as ecclesiastical hawks ;  
He used to say that he would no more think of in-  
terfering with his priest's robes than with his  
church or his steeple,  
And that he did not consider his soul imperilled  
because somebody over whom he had no in-  
fluence whatever, chose to dress himself up  
like an exaggerated GUY FAWKES.

This shocking old vagabond was so unutterably  
shameless  
That he actually went a-courting a very respectable  
and pious middle-aged sister, by the name of  
BIGGS.  
She was a rather attractive widow, whose life as such  
had always been particularly blameless ;  
Her first husband had left her a secure but mode-  
rate competence owing to some fortunate spec-  
ulations in the matter of figs.

She was an excellent person in every way—and won  
the respect even of MRS. GRUNDY,

She was a good housewife, too, and wouldn't have  
wasted a penny if she had owned the Koh-i-  
noor.

She was just as strict as he was lax in her obser-  
vance of Sunday,

And being a good economist, and charitable be-  
sides, she took all the bones and cold potatoes  
and broken pie-crusts and candle-ends (when  
she had quite done with them), and made them  
into an excellent soup for the deserving poor.

I am sorry to say that she rather took to BLAKE—  
that outcast of society,

And when respectable brothers who were fond of  
her began to look dubious and to cough,

She would say, "Oh, my friends, it's because I hope  
to bring this poor benighted soul back to virtue  
and propriety,"

And besides, the poor benighted soul, with all  
his faults; was uncommonly well off.

And when MR. BLAKE'S dissipated friends called  
his attention to the frown or the pout of her,

Whenever he did anything which appeared to her  
to savour of an unmentionable place,

He would say she would be a very decent old girl  
when all that nonsense was knocked out of her,

And his method of knocking it out of her is one  
that covered him with disgrace.

She was fond of going to church services four times every Sunday, and four or five times in the week, and never seemed to pall of them,

So he hunted out all the churches within a convenient distance that had services at different hours, so to speak ;

And when he had married her he positively insisted upon their going to all of them,

So they contrived to do about twelve churches every Sunday, and, if they had luck, from twenty-two to twenty-three in the course of the week.

She was fond of dropping his sovereigns ostentatiously into the plate, and she liked to see them stand out rather conspicuously against the commonplace half-crowns and shillings,

So he took her to all the charity sermons, and if by any extraordinary chance there wasn't a charity sermon anywhere, he would drop a couple of sovereigns (one for him and one for her) into the poor-box at the door ;

And as he always deducted the sums thus given in charity from the housekeeping money, and the money he allowed her for her bonnets and frillings,

She soon began to find that even charity, if you allow it to interfere with your personal luxuries, becomes an intolerable bore.

On Sundays she was always melancholy and anything but good society,

For that day in her household was a day of sighings and sobbings and wringing of hands and shaking of heads :



She wouldn't hear of a button being sewn on a glove, because it was a work neither of necessity nor of piety,

And strictly prohibited her servants from amusing themselves, or indeed doing anything at all except dusting the drawing-rooms, cleaning the boots and shoes, cooking the dinner, waiting generally on the family, and making the beds.

But BLAKE even went further than that, and said that people should do their own works of necessity, and not delegate them to persons in a menial situation,

So he wouldn't allow his servants to do so much as even answer a bell.

Here he is making his wife carry up the water for her bath to the second floor, much against her inclination,—

And why in the world the gentleman who illustrates these ballads has put him in a cocked hat is more than I can tell.



After about three months of this sort of thing, taking  
the smooth with the rough of it

(Blacking her own boots and peeling her own  
potatoes was not her notion of connubial bliss),  
MRS. BLAKE began to find that she had pretty nearly  
had enough of it,

And came, in course of time, to think that BLAKE'S  
own original line of conduct wasn't so much  
amiss.

And now that wicked person—that detestable sinner  
("BELIAL BLAKE" his friends and well-wishers  
call him for his atrocities),

And his poor deluded victim whom all her Chris-  
tian brothers dislike and pity so,

Go to the parish church only on Sunday morning  
and afternoon and occasionally on a week-day,  
and spend their evenings in connubial fondlings  
and affectionate reciprocities,

And I should like to know where in the world (or  
rather, out of it) they expect to go!



## THE BABY'S VENGEANCE.

WEARY at heart and extremely ill  
 Was PALEY VOLLAIRE of Bromptonville.  
 In a dirty lodging, with fever down,  
 Close to the Polygon, Somers Town.

PALEY VOLLAIRE was an only son  
 (For why? His mother had had but one),  
 And PALEY herited gold and grounds  
 Worth several hundred thousand pounds.

But he, like many a rich young man,  
 Through this magnificent fortune ran,  
 And nothing was left for his daily needs  
 But duplicate copies of mortgage-deeds.

Shabby and sorry and sorely sick,  
 He slept, and dreamt that the clock's "tick, tick,"  
 Was one of the Fates, with a long sharp knife,  
 Snicking off bits of his shortened life.



He woke and counted the pips on the walls,  
The outdoor passengers' loud footfalls,  
And reckoned all over, and reckoned again,  
The little white tufts on his counterpane.

A medical man to his bed-side came  
(I can't remember that doctor's name),  
And said, "You'll die in a very short while  
If you don't set sail for Madeira's isle."

"Go to Madeira? goodness me!  
I haven't the money to pay your fee!"  
"Then, PALEY VOLLAIRE," said the leech, "good  
bye;  
I'll come no more, for you're sure to die."

He sighed and he groaned and smote his breast;  
"Oh, send," said he, "for FREDERICK WEST,  
Ere senses fade or my eyes grow dim:  
I've a terrible tale to whisper him!"

Poor was FREDERICK's lot in life,—  
A dustman he with a fair young wife,  
A worthy man with a hard-earned store,  
A hundred and seventy pounds—or more.

FREDERICK came, and he said, "Maybe  
You'll say what you happen to want with me?"  
"Wronged boy," said PALEY VOLLAIRE, "I will,  
But don't you fidget yourself—sit still.



“’T is now some thirty-seven years ago  
 Since first began the plot that I’m revealing,  
 A fine young woman, whom you ought to know,  
 Lived with her husband down in Drum Lane,  
 Ealing.

Herself by means of mangling reimbursing,  
 And now and then (at intervals) wet-nursing.

“Two little babes dwelt in her humble cot :  
 One was her own—the other only lent to her :  
*Her own she slighted.* Tempted by a lot  
 Of gold and silver regularly sent to her,  
 She ministered unto the little other  
 In the capacity of foster-mother.

“*I was her own.* Oh! how I lay and sobbed  
 In my poor cradle—deeply, deeply cursing  
 The rich man’s pampered bantling, who had robbed  
 My only birthright—an attentive nursing !  
 Sometimes, in hatred of my foster-brother,  
 I gnashed my gums—which terrified my mother.



“One day—it was quite early in the week—  
 I *in MY cradle having placed the bantling—*  
 Crept into his! He had not learnt to speak,  
 But I could see his face with anger mantling.  
 It was imprudent—well, disgraceful maybe,  
 For, oh! I was a bad, black-hearted baby!

“So great a luxury was food, I think  
 No wickedness but I was game to try for it.  
*Now* if I wanted anything to drink  
 At any time, I only had to cry for it!  
*Once*, if I dared to weep, the bottle lacking,  
 My blubbering involved a serious smacking!

“We grew up in the usual way—my friend,  
 My foster-brother, daily growing thinner,  
 While gradually I began to mend,  
 And thrived amazingly on double dinner.  
 And every one, besides my foster-mother,  
 Believed that either of us was the other.

“I came into his wealth—I bore his name,  
 I bear it still—his property I squandered—  
 I mortgaged everything—and now (oh, shame!)  
 Into a Somers Town shake-down I’ve wandered!

I am no PALEY—no VOLLAIRE—it's true, my boy!  
The only rightful PALEY V. is *you*, my boy!

"And all I have is yours—and yours is mine.

I still may place you in your true position:  
Give me the pounds you've saved, and I'll resign

My noble name, my rank, and my condition.  
So far my wickedness in falsely owning  
Your vasty wealth, I am at last atoning!"

\* \* \* \* \*

FREDERICK he was a simple soul,  
He pulled from his pocket a bulky roll,  
And gave to PALEY his hard-earned store,  
A hundred and seventy pounds or more!

PALEY VOLLAIRE, with many a groan,  
Gave FREDERICK all that he'd called his own,—  
Two shirts and a sock, and a vest of jean,  
A Wellington boot and a bamboo cane.

And FRED (entitled to all things there)  
He took the fever from MR. VOLLAIRE,  
Which killed poor FREDERICK WEST. Meanwhile  
VOLLAIRE sailed off to Madeira's isle.





## THE CAPTAIN AND THE MERMAIDS.



**I** SING a legend of the sea,  
 So hard-a-port upon your lee!  
 A ship on starboard tack!  
 She's bound upon a private cruise—  
 (This is the kind of spice I use  
 To give a salt-sea smack).

Behold, on every afternoon  
 (Save in a gale or strong Monsoon)  
     Great CAPTAIN CAPEL CLEGGs  
 (Great morally, though rather short)  
 Sat at an open weather-port  
     And aired his shapely legs.

And Mermaids hung around in flocks,  
 On cable chains and distant rocks,  
     To gaze upon those limbs ;  
 For legs like those, of flesh and bone,  
 Are things "not generally known"  
     To any Merman TIMBS.

But Mermen didn't seem to care  
 Much time (as far as I'm aware)  
     With CLEGGs's legs to spend ;  
 Though Mermaids swam around all day  
 And gazed, exclaiming, "That's the way  
     A gentleman should end !

"A pair of legs with well-cut knees  
 And calves and ankles such as these  
     Which we in rapture hail,  
 Are far more eloquent, it's clear,  
 When clothed in silk and kerseymere,  
     Than any nasty tail."

And CLEGGs—a worthy kind old boy—  
 Rejoiced to add to others' joy,  
     And (though he scarce knew why)  
 Because it pleased the lookers-on,  
 He sat there every day—though con-  
     stitutionally shy.

At first the Mermen laughed a few,  
But finally they jealous grew,  
    And sounded loud recalls ;  
But vainly. So these fishy males  
Declared they too would clothe their tails  
    In silken hose and smalls.

They set to work, these water-men,  
And made their nether robes—but when  
    They drew with dainty touch  
The kerseymere upon their tails,  
They found it scraped against their scales,  
    And hurt them very much.

The silk, besides, with which they chose  
To deck their tails, by way of hose  
    (They never thought of shoon),  
For such a use was much too thin,—  
It tore against the caudal fin  
    And “went in ladders” soon.

So they designed another plan :  
They sent their most seductive man  
    This note to him to show—  
“ Our Monarch sends to CAPTAIN CLEGGs  
His humble compliments, and begs  
    He ’ll join him down below ;

“ We’ve pleasant homes below the sea—  
Besides, if CAPTAIN CLEGGs should be  
    (As our advices say)  
A judge of Mermaids, he will find  
Our lady-fish of every kind  
    Inspection will repay.”

Good CAPEL sent a kind reply,  
 For CAPEL thought he could descry  
     An admirable plan  
 To study all their ways and laws—  
 (But not their lady-fish, because  
     He was a married man).



The Merman sank—the Captain too  
 Jumped overboard, and dropped from view  
     Like stone from catapult ;  
 And when he reached the Merman's lair  
 He certainly was welcomed there,  
     But, ah ! with what result ?

They didn't let him learn their law,  
 Or make a note of what he saw,  
     Or interesting mem. :



The lady-fish he couldn't find,  
But that, of course, he didn't mind—  
He didn't come for them.

For though, when CAPTAIN CAPEL sank,  
The Mermen drawn in double rank  
Gave him a hearty hail ;  
Yet when secure of CAPTAIN CLEGGs,  
They cut off both his lovely legs,  
And gave him *such* a tail !



When CAPTAIN CLEGGs returned aboard,  
His blithesome crew convulsive roar'd,  
To see him altered so.  
The Admiralty did insist  
That he upon the Half-pay List  
Immediately should go.

In vain declared the poor old salt,  
"It's my misfortune—not my fault,"  
    With tear and trembling lip—  
In vain poor CAPEL begged and begged.  
"A man must be completely legged  
    Who rules a British ship."

So spake the stern First Lord aloud—  
He was a wag, though very proud,  
    And much rejoiced to say,  
"You're only half a captain now—  
And so, my worthy friend, I vow  
    You'll only get half-pay!"





## ANNIE PROTHEROE.

*A Legend of Stratford-le-Bow.*

**O**H! listen to the tale of little ANNIE PROTHEROE.

She kept a small post-office in the neighbourhood of Bow;

She loved a skilled mechanic, who was famous in his day—

A gentle executioner whose name was GILBERT CLAY.

I think I hear you say, "A dreadful subject for your rhymes!"

O reader, do not shrink—he didn't live in modern times!

He lived so long ago (the sketch will show it at a glance)  
That all his actions glitter with the lime-light of Romance.

In busy times he laboured at his gentle craft all day—  
"No doubt you mean his Cal-craft" you amusingly will say—

But, no—he didn't operate with common bits of string,  
He was a Public Headsman, which is quite another thing.

And when his work was over, they would ramble o'er the lea,  
And sit beneath the frondage of an elderberry tree.  
And ANNIE'S simple prattle entertained him on his walk,  
For public executions formed the subject of her talk.

And sometimes he'd explain to her, which charmed her very much,  
How famous operators vary very much in touch,  
And then, perhaps, he'd show how he himself performed the trick,  
And illustrate his meaning with a poppy and a stick.

Or, if it rained, the little maid would stop at home,  
and look  
At his favourable notices, 'all pasted in a book,  
And then her cheek would flush—her swimming eyes would dance with joy  
In a glow of admiration at the prowess of her boy.

One summer eve, at supper-time, the gentle GILBERT  
 said  
 (As he helped his pretty ANNIE to a slice of collared  
 head),  
 "This reminds me I must settle on the next en-  
 suing day  
 The hash of that unmitigated villain PETER GRAY."

He saw his ANNIE tremble and he saw his ANNIE  
 start,  
 Her changing colour trumpeted the flutter at her  
 heart ;  
 Young GILBERT'S manly bosom rose and sank with  
 jealous fear,  
 And he said, "O gentle ANNIE, what's the meaning  
 of this here?"



And ANNIE answered, blushing in an interesting way,  
 "You think, no doubt, I'm sighing for that felon  
 PETER GRAY :  
 That I was his young woman is unquestionably true,  
 But not since I began a-keeping company with you."

Then GILBERT, who was irritable, rose and loudly  
swore  
He'd know the reason why if she refused to tell  
him more ;  
And she answered (all the woman in her flashing  
from her eyes),  
" You mustn't ask no questions, and you won't be  
told no lies !

" Few lovers have the privilege enjoyed, my dear,  
by you,  
Of chopping off a rival's head and quartering him  
too !  
Of vengeance, dear, to-morrow you will surely take  
your fill !"  
And GILBERT ground his molars as he answered  
her, " I will !"

Young GILBERT rose from table with a stern deter-  
mined look,  
And, frowning, took an inexpensive hatchet from  
its hook ;  
And ANNIE watched his movements with an in-  
terested air—  
For the morrow—for the morrow he was going to  
prepare !

He chipped it with a hammer and he chopped it  
with a bill,  
He poured sulphuric acid on the edge of it, until  
This terrible Avenger of the Majesty of Law  
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated saw.

And ANNIE said, "O GILBERT, dear, I do not understand  
Why ever you are injuring that hatchet in your  
hand?"  
He said, "It is intended for to lacerate and flay  
The neck of that unmitigated villain PETER GRAY!"



"Now GILBERT," ANNIE answered, "wicked head-  
man, just beware—  
I won't have PETER tortured with that horrible  
affair;  
If you appear with that, you may depend you'll rue  
the day."  
But GILBERT said, "Oh, shall I?" which was just his  
nasty way.

He saw a look of anger from her eyes distinctly dart,  
For ANNIE was a woman, and had pity in her heart!  
She wished him a good evening—he answered with  
a glare;  
She only said, "Remember, for your ANNIE will be  
there!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The morrow GILBERT boldly on the scaffold took  
his stand,  
With a vizer on his face and with a hatchet in his  
hand,

And all the people noticed that the Engine of the Law  
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated saw.

The felon very coolly loosed his collar and his stock,  
And placed his wicked head upon the handy little  
block.

The hatchet was uplifted for to settle PETER GRAY,  
When GILBERT plainly heard a woman's voice ex-  
claiming, "Stay!"



'T was ANNIE, gentle ANNIE, as you'll easily believe.  
"O GILBERT, you must spare him, for I bring him  
a reprieve,  
It came from our Home Secretary many weeks ago,  
And passed through that post-office which I used  
to keep at Bow

"I loved you, loved you madly, and you know it,  
GILBERT CLAY,  
And as I'd quite surrendered all idea of PETER  
GRAY,



I quietly suppressed it, as you'll clearly understand,  
For I thought it might be awkward if he came and  
claimed my hand.

“In anger at my secret (which I could not tell be-  
fore)

To lacerate poor PETER GRAY vindictively you  
swore ;

I told you if you used that blunted axe you'd rue  
the day,

And so you will, old fellow, for I'll marry PETER  
GRAY !”

[*And so she did.*





### AN UNFORTUNATE LIKENESS.

I 'VE painted SHAKESPEARE all my life—  
 “An infant” (even then at play!)  
 “A boy,” with stage-ambition rife,  
 Then “Married to ANN HATHAWAY.”

“The bard’s first ticket night” (or “ben.”),  
 His “First appearance on the stage,”  
 His “Call before the curtain”—then  
 “Rejoicings when he came of age.”

The bard play-writing in his room,  
 The bard a humble lawyer's clerk,  
 The bard a lawyer<sup>1</sup>—parson<sup>2</sup>—groom<sup>3</sup>—  
 The bard deer-stealing, after dark.

The bard a tradesman<sup>4</sup>—and a Jew<sup>5</sup>—  
 The bard a botanist<sup>6</sup>—a beak<sup>7</sup>—  
 The bard a skilled musician<sup>8</sup> too—  
 A sheriff<sup>9</sup> and a surgeon<sup>10</sup> eke

Yet critics say (a friendly stock)  
 That, though it's evident I try,  
 Yet even I can barely mock  
 The glimmer of his wondrous eye!

One morning as a work I framed,  
 There passed a person, walking hard:  
 "My gracious goodness," I exclaimed,  
 "How very like my dear old bard!

1 "Go with me to a Notary—seal me there  
 Your single bond."—*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., sc. 3.

2 "And there shall she, at Friar Lawrence' cell,  
 Be shrived and married."—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., sc. 4.

3 "And give their fasting horses provender."—

*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., sc. 2.

4 "Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares."—

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act I., sc. 3.

5 "Then must the Jew be merciful."

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act IV., sc. 1.

"The spring, the summer,  
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV., sc. 1.

7 "In the county of Glo'ster, justice of the peace and coram."—

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., sc. 1.

8 "What lusty trumpet thus doith summon us?"

—*King John*, Act V., sc. 2.

9 "And I'll provide his executioner."—

*Henry the Sixth* (Second Part), Act III., sc. 1.

10 "The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled."—*As You Like It*, Act IV., sc. 3.

"Oh, what a model he would make!"

I rushed outside—impulsive me!—

"Forgive the liberty I take,

But you're so very"—"Stop!" said he.

"You needn't waste your breath or time,—

I know what you are going to say,—

That you're an artist, and that I'm

Remarkably like SHAKESPEARE. Eh?

"You wish that I would sit to you?"

I clasped him madly round the waist,

And breathlessly replied, "I do!"

"All right," said he, "but please make haste."

I led him by his hallowed sleeve,

And worked away at him apace,

I painted him till dewy eve,—

There never was a nobler face!

"Oh, sir," I said, "a fortune grand

Is yours, by dint of merest chance,—

To sport *his* brow at second-hand,

To wear *his* cast-off countenance!

"To rub *his* eyes whene'er they ache—

To wear *his* baldness ere you're old—

To clean *his* teeth when you awake—

To blow *his* nose when you've a cold!"

His eyeballs glistened in his eyes—

I sat and watched and smoked my pipe;

"Bravo!" I said, "I recognize

The phrensy of your prototype!"

His scanty hair he wildly tore :

“That’s right,” said I, “it shows your breed.”  
He danced—he stamped—he wildly swore—  
“Bless me, that’s very fine indeed !”

“Sir,” said the grand Shakesperian boy  
(Continuing to blaze away),

“You think my face a source of joy ;  
That shows you know not what you say.

“Forgive these yells and cellar-flaps .

I’m always thrown in some such state  
When on his face well-meaning chaps  
This wretched man congratulate.



“For, oh ! this face—this pointed chin—  
This nose—this brow—these eyeballs too,  
Have always been the origin  
Of all the woes I ever knew !

- " If to the play my way I find,  
    To see a grand Shakesperian piece,  
I have no rest, no ease of mind  
    Until the author's puppets cease !
- " Men nudge each other—thus—and say,  
    ' This certainly is SHAKESPEARE'S SON,'  
And merry wags (of course in play)  
    Cry ' Author ! ' when the piece is done.
- " In church the people stare at me,  
    Their soul the sermon never binds ;  
I catch them looking round to see,  
    And thoughts of SHAKESPEARE fill their minds.
- " And sculptors, fraught with cunning wile,  
    Who find it difficult to crown  
A bust with BROWN'S insipid smile,  
    Or TOMKINS'S unmannered frown,
- " Yet boldly make my face their own,  
    When (oh, presumption !) they require  
To animate a paving-stone  
    With SHAKESPEARE'S intellectual fire.
- " At parties where young ladies gaze,  
    And I attempt to speak my joy,  
' Hush, pray,' some lovely creature says,  
    ' The fond illusion don't destroy ! '
- " Whene'er I speak my soul is wrung  
    With these or some such whisperings ;  
' T is pity that a SHAKESPEARE'S tongue  
    Should say such un-Shakesperian things ! '

“I should not thus be criticised  
Had I a face of common wont :  
Don't envy me—now, be advised !”  
And, now I think of it, I don't !





## GREGORY PARABLE, LL.D.

**A** LEAFY cot, where no dry rot  
 Had ever been by tenant seen,  
 Where ivy clung and wopses stung,  
 Where bees hummed and drummed and strummed,  
 Where trees grew and breezes blew—  
 A thatchy roof, quite waterproof,  
 Where countless herds of dickybirds  
 Built twiggy beds to lay their heads  
 (My mother begs I'll make it "eggs,"  
 But though it's true that dickies do  
 Construct a nest with chirpy noise,  
 With view to rest their eggy joys,  
 'Neath eavy sheds, yet eggs and beds,  
 As I explain to her in vain  
 Five hundred times, are faulty rhymes).



'Neath such a cot, built on a plot  
 Of freehold land, dwelt MARY and  
 Her worthy father, named by me  
 GREGORY PARABLE, LL.D.

He knew no guile, this simple man,  
 No wordly wile, or plot, or plan,  
 Except that plot of freehold land  
 That held the cot, and MARY, and  
 Her worthy father, named by me  
 GREGORY PARABLE, LL.D.

A grave and learned scholar he,  
 Yet simple as a child could be.  
 He 'd shirk his meal to sit and cram  
 A goodish deal of Eton Gram.  
 No man alive could him nonplus  
 With vocative of *filius*.  
 No man alive more fully knew  
 The passive of a verb or two.  
 None better knew the worth than he  
 Of words that end in *b*, *d*, *t*.  
 Upon his green in early spring  
 He might be seen endeavouring  
 To understand the hooks and crooks  
 Of HENRY and his Latin books,  
 Or calling for his "Cæsar on  
 The Gallic War," like any don.  
 Or, p'raps, expounding unto all  
 How mythic BALBUS built a wall.  
 So lived the sage who's named by me  
 GREGORY PARABLE, LL.D.

To him one autumn day there came  
 A lovely youth of mystic name,  
 He took a lodging in the house,  
 And fell a-dodging snipe and grouse,  
 For, oh! that mild scholastic one  
 Let shooting for a single gun.

By three or four, when sport was o'er,  
 The Mystic One laid by his gun,  
 And made sheep's eyes of giant size,  
 Till after tea, at MARY P.  
 And MARY P. (so kind was she),  
 She, too, made eyes of giant size,  
 Whose every dart right through the heart  
 Appeared to run that Mystic One.  
 The Doctor's whim engrossing him,  
 He did not know they flirted so.  
 For, save at tea, "*musa musæ*,"  
 As I'm advised, monopolized  
 And rendered blind his giant mind.  
 But looking up above his cup  
 One afternoon, he saw them spoon.  
 "Aha!" quoth he, "you naughty lass!  
 As quaint old OVID says, 'Amas!'"

The Mystic Youth avowed the truth,  
 And, claiming ruth, he said, "In sooth  
 I love your daughter, aged man  
 Refuse to join us if you can.  
 Treat not my offer, sir, with scorn,  
 I'm wealthy though I'm lowly born."  
 "Young sir," the aged scholar said,  
 "I never thought you meant to wed

Engrossed completely with my books,  
 I little noticed lovers' looks.  
 I've lived so long away from man,  
 I do not know of any plan  
 By which to test a lover's worth,  
 Except, perhaps, the test of birth.  
 I've half forgotten in this wild  
 A father's duty to his child.  
 It is his place, I think it's said,  
 To see his daughters richly wed  
 To dignitaries of the earth,  
 If possible, of noble birth.  
 If noble birth is not at hand,



A father may, I understand  
 (And this affords a chance for you),  
 Be satisfied to wed her to  
 A BOUCICAULT or BARING—which  
 Means any one who's jolly rich.

Now, there's an Earl who lives hard by,—  
Come, MARY, we will go and try  
If he would like to marry thee,  
If not, thy bride the maid shall be."

They sought the Earl that very day;  
The sage began to say his say.  
The Earl (a very wicked man,  
Whose face bore Vice's blackest ban)  
Cut short the scholar's simple tale,  
And said in voice to make them quail,  
"Pooh! go along! you're drunk, no doubt—  
Here, PETERS, turn these people out!"

The Sage, rebuffed in mode uncouth,  
Returning, met the Mystic Youth.  
"My darling boy," the Scholar said,  
"Take MARY—blessings on your head!"



The Mystic Boy undid his vest,  
And took a parchment from his breast,  
And said, "Now, by that noble brow,  
I ne'er knew father such as thou !  
The sterling rule of common sense  
Now reaps its proper recompense.  
Rejoice, my soul's unequalled Queen,  
For I am DUKE OF GRETNA GREEN !"





## THE KING OF CANOODLE-DUM.

**T**HE story of FREDERICK GOWLER,  
 A mariner of the sea,  
 Who quitted his ship, the *Howler*,  
 A-sailing in Caribbee.  
 For many a day he wandered,  
 Till he met in a state of rum  
 CALAMITY POP VON PEPPERMINT DROP,  
 The King of Canoodle-Dum.

That monarch addressed him gaily,  
 "Hum! Golly de do to-day?  
 Hum! Lily-white Buckra Sailee"—  
 (You notice his playful way?)—

“What dickens you doin’ here, sar?  
 Why debbil you want to come?  
 Hum! Picaninnee, dere isn’t no sea  
 In City Canoodle-Dum!”

And GOWLER he answered sadly,  
 “Oh, mine is a doleful tale!  
 They’ve treated me verry badly  
 In Lunnon, from where I hail.  
 I’m one of the Family Royal—  
 No common Jack Tar you see;  
 I’m WILLIAM THE FOURTH, far up in the North,  
 A King in my own countree!”

Bang-bang! How the tom-toms thundered!  
 Bang-bang! How they thumped the gongs!  
 Bang-bang! How the people wondered!  
 Bang-bang! At it, hammer and tongs!  
 Alliance with Kings of Europe  
 Is an honour Canoodlers seek,  
 Her monarchs don’t stop with PEPPERMINT DROP  
 Every day in the week!

FRED told them that he was undone,  
 For his people all went insane,  
 And fired the Tower of London,  
 And Grinnidge’s Naval Fane.  
 And some of them racked St. James’s,  
 And vented their rage upon  
 The Church of St. Paul, the Fishmongers’ Hall,  
 And the Angel at Islington.

CALAMITY POP implored him  
 To stop with him—yes, remain  
 Till those people of his restored him  
 To power and rank again.  
 CALAMITY POP he made him  
 A Prince of Canoodle-Dum,  
 With a couple of caves, some beautiful slaves,  
 And the run of the royal rum.

POP gave him his only daughter,  
 HUM PICKETY WIMPLE TIP:  
 FRED vowed that if over the water  
 He went, in an English ship,  
 He'd make her his Queen,—though truly  
 It is an unusual thing  
 For a Caribbee brat who's as black as your hat  
 To be wife of an English King.

And all the Canoodle-Dummers  
 They copied his rolling walk,  
 His method of draining rummers,  
 His emblematical talk.  
 For his dress and his graceful breeding,  
 His delicate taste in rum,  
 And his nautical way, were the talk of the day  
 In the Court of Canoodle-Dum.

CALAMITY POP most wisely  
 Determined in everything  
 To model his Court precisely  
 On that of the English King;



And ordered that every lady  
 And every lady's lord  
 Should masticate jacky (a kind of tobaccy)  
 And scatter its juice abroad.

They signified wonder roundly  
 At any astounding yarn,  
 By darning their dear eyes roundly  
 ("T was all that they had to darn).  
 They "hoisted their slacks," adjusting  
 Garments of plantain-leaves  
 With nautical twitches (as if they wore—stitches.  
 Instead of a dress like EVE'S!)



They shivered their timbers proudly,  
 At a phantom fore-lock dragged,  
 And called for a hornpipe loudly  
 Whenever amusement flagged.

"Hum! Golly! him POP resemble,  
 Him Britisher sov'reign, hum!  
 CALAMITY POP VON PEPPERMINT DROP,  
 De King of Canoodle-Dum!"

The mariner's lively "Hollo!"  
 Enlivened Canoodle's plain  
 (For blessings unnumbered follow  
 In Civilization's train).  
 But Fortune (a walking bathos)  
 A terrible ending planned,  
 For ADMIRAL D. CHICKABIDDY, C.B.,  
 Placed foot on Canoodle land!



'hat rebel, he seized KING GOWLER,  
 He threatened his royal brains,  
 And put him aboard the *Howler*,  
 And fastened him down with chains.

The *Howler* she weighed her anchor,  
With FREDERICK nicely nailed,  
And off to the north with WILLIAM THE FOURTH  
These horrible pirates sailed.

CALAMITY said (with folly)

“Hum! nebber want him again—  
Him civilize all of us, golly!

CALAMITY suck him brain!”

The people, however, were pained when

The saw him aboard his ship,  
But none of them wept for their FREDDY, except  
HUM PICKITY WIMPLE TIP.





FIRST LOVE.

**A** CLERGYMAN in Berkshire dwelt,  
 The REVEREND BERNARD POWLES,  
 And in his church there weekly knelt  
 At least a thousand souls.

There little ELLEN you might see,  
 The modest rustic belle ;  
 In maidenly simplicity,  
 She loved her BERNARD well.

Though ELLEN wore a plain silk gown  
Untrimmed with lace or fur,  
Yet not a husband in the town  
But wished his wife like her.

Though sterner memories might fade,  
You never could forget  
The child-form of that baby-maid,  
The Village Violet !

A simple frightened loveliness,  
Whose sacred spirit-part  
Shrank timidly from wordly stress,  
And nestled in your heart.

POWLES woo'd with every well-worn plan  
And all the usual wiles  
With which a well-schooled gentleman  
A simple heart beguiles.

The hackneyed compliments that bore  
World-folks like you and me,  
Appeared to her as if they wore  
The crown of Poesy.

His winking eyelid sang a song  
Her heart could understand,  
Eternity seemed scarce too long  
When BERNARD squeezed her hand.

He ordered down the martial crew  
Of GODFREY'S Grenadiers,  
And COOTE conspired with TINNEY to  
Ecstaticize her ears.

Beneath her window, veiled from eye,  
They nightly took their stand,  
On birthdays supplemented by  
The Covent Garden band.



And little ELLEN, all alone,  
Enraptured sat above,  
And thought how blest she was to own  
The wealth of POWLES'S love.

I often, often wonder what  
    Poor ELLEN saw in him ;  
For calculated he was *not*  
    To please a woman's whim.

He wasn't good, despite the air  
    An M.B. waistcoat gives ;  
Indeed, his dearest friends declare  
    No greater humbug lives.

No kind of virtue decked this priest,  
    He'd nothing to allure ;  
He wasn't handsome in the least,—  
    He wasn't even poor.

No—he was cursed with acres fat  
    (A Christian's direst ban),  
And gold—yet, notwithstanding that,  
    Poor ELLEN loved the man.

As unlike BERNARD as could be  
    Was poor old AARON WOOD  
(Disgraceful BERNARD's curate he) :  
    He was extremely good.

A BAYARD in his moral pluck,  
    Without reproach or fear,  
A quiet venerable duck  
    With fifty pounds a year.

No fault had he—no fad, except  
A tendency to strum,  
In mode at which you would have wept,  
A dull harmonium.



He had no gold with which to hire  
The minstrels who could best  
Convey a notion of the fire  
That raged within his breast.

And so, when COOTE and TINNEY'S OWN  
Had tootled all they knew,  
And when the Guards, completely blown,  
Exhaustedly withdrew,



And NELL began to sleepy feel,  
 Poor AARON then would come,  
 And underneath her window wheel  
 His plain harmonium.



He woke her every morn at two,  
 And having gained her ear,  
 In vivid colours AARON drew  
 The sluggard's grim career.

He warbled Apiarian praise,  
 And taught her in his chant  
 To shun the dog's disgraceful ways,  
 And imitate the ant.

Still NELL seemed not, how much he played,  
To love him out and out,  
Although the admirable maid  
Respected him, no doubt.

She told him of her early vow,  
And said as BERNARD'S wife  
It might be hers to show him how  
To rectify his life.

"You are so pure, so kind, so true,  
Your goodness shines so bright,  
What use would ELLEN be to you?  
Believe me, you're all right."

She wished him happiness and health,  
And flew on lightning wings  
To BERNARD with his dangerous wealth  
And all the woes it brings.



## BRAVE ALUM BEY.

OH, big was the bosom of brave ALUM BEY,  
 And also the region that under it lay,  
 In safety and peril remarkably cool,  
 And he dwelt on the banks of the River Stamboul.

Each morning he went to his garden, to cull  
 A bunch of zenana or sprig of bul-bul,  
 And offered the bouquet, in exquisite bloom,  
 To BACKSHEESH, the daughter of RAHAT LAKOUM.

No maiden like BACKSHEESH could tastily cook  
 A kettle of kismet or joint of tchibouk,  
 As ALUM, brave fellow! sat pensively by,  
 With a bright sympathetic ka-bob in his eye.

Stern duty compelled him to leave her one day—  
 (A ship's supercargo was brave ALUM BEY)—  
 To pretty young BACKSHEESH he made a salaam,  
 And sailed to the isle of Seringapatam.

"O ALUM," said she, "think again, ere you go—  
 Hareems may arise and Moguls they may blow;  
 You may strike on a fez, or be drowned, which is  
 wuss!"

But ALUM embraced her and spoke to her thus:

"Cease weeping, fair BACKSHEESH! I willingly  
 swear

Cork jackets and trousers I always will wear,  
 And I also throw in a large number of oaths  
 That I never—no, *never*—will take off my clothes!"

\* \* \* \* \*

They left Madagascar away on their right,  
 And made Clapham Common the following night,  
 Then lay on their oars for a fortnight or two,  
 Becalmed in the ocean of Honolulu.

One day ALUM saw, with alarm in his breast,  
A cloud on the nor-sow-sow-nor-sow-nor-west ;  
The wind it arose, and the crew gave a scream,  
For they knew it—they knew it!—the dreaded  
Hareem !!

The mast it went over, and so did the sails,  
Brave ALUM threw over his casks and his bales ;  
The billows arose as the weather grew thick  
And all except ALUM were terribly sick.

The crew were but three, but they holloa'd for nine,  
They howled and they blubbered with wail and with  
whine :

The skipper he fainted away in the fore,  
For he hadn't the heart for to skip any more.

“Ho, coward !” said ALUM, “with heart of a child !  
Thou son of a party whose grave is defiled !  
Is ALUM in terror? is ALUM afeard?  
Ho! ho! If you had one I'd laugh at your beard.”

His eyeball it gleamed like a furnace of coke ;  
He boldly inflated his clothes as he spoke ;  
He daringly felt for the corks on his chest,  
And he recklessly tightened the belt at his breast.

For he knew, the brave ALUM, that. happen what  
might,  
With belts and cork-jacketing, *he* was all right ;  
Though others might sink, he was certain to swim,—  
No Hareem whatever had terrors for him !

They begged him to spare from his personal store  
 A single cork garment—they asked for no more;  
 But he couldn't, because of the number of oaths  
 That he never — no, never! — would take off his  
 clothes.



The billows dash o'er them and topple around,  
 They see they are pretty near sure to be drowned.  
 A terrible wave o'er the quarter-deck breaks,  
 And the vessel it sinks in a couple of shakes!

The dreadful Hareem, though a beggar to blow,  
 Expend all its strength in a minute or so;  
 When the vessel had foundered, as I have detailed,  
 The tempest subsided, and quiet prevailed

One collared a cork with a yelling "Ha! ha!"  
 (Its bottle had prisoned a pint of Pacha)—  
 Another a toothpick—another a tray—  
 "Alas! it is useless!" said brave ALUM BEY.

“To holloa and kick is a very bad plan :  
 You'd best get it over as soon as you can ;  
 You'd better get hold of a good lump of lead,  
 And collar it tightly until you are dead.

“Just raise your hands over your pretty heads—so—  
 Right down to the bottom you're certain to go.  
 Ta! ta! I'm afraid we shall not meet again”—  
 For the truly courageous are truly humane.

Brave ALUM was picked up the very next day—  
 A man-o'-war sighted him smoking away ;  
 With hunger and cold he was ready to drop,  
 So they sent him below and they gave him a chop.

O reader, or readress, whichever you be,  
 You weep for the crew who have sunk in the sea !  
 O reader, or readress, read further, and dry  
 The bright sympathetic ka-bob in your eye.

That ship had a grapple with three iron spikes,—  
 It's lowered, and, ha! on a summat it strikes!  
 They haul it aboard with a British “heave-ho!”  
 And what it has fished the drawing will show.

There was WILSON, and PARKER, and TOMLINSON  
 too—

(The first was the captain, the others the crew)—  
 As lively and spry as a Malabar ape,  
 Quite pleased and surprised at their happy escape.

And ALUM, brave fellow, who stood in the fore,  
And never expected to look on them more,  
Was really delighted to see them again,  
For the truly courageous are truly humane.







## SIR BARNABY BAMPTON BOO.

THIS is SIR BARNABY BAMPTON BOO,  
 Last of a noble race,  
 BARNABY BAMPTON, coming to woo,  
 All at a deuce of a pace.

BARNABY BAMPTON BOO,  
 Here is a health to you :  
 Here is wishing you luck, you elderly buck—  
 BARNABY BAMPTON BOO !

The excellent women of Tuptonvee  
 Knew SIR BARNABY BOO ;  
 One of them surely his bride would be,  
 But dickens a soul knew who.

Women of Tuptonvee,  
 Here is a health to ye :  
 For a Baronet, dears, you would cut off your  
 ears,  
 Women of Tuptonvee !



Here are old MR. and MRS. DE PLOW  
 (PETER his Christian name),  
 They kept seven oxen, a pig, and a cow—  
 Farming it was their game.

Worthy old PETER DE PLOW,  
 Here is a health to thou :  
 Your race isn't run, though you 're seventy-one,  
 Worthy old PETER DE PLOW !

To excellent MR. and MRS. DE PLOW  
 Came SIR BARNABY BOO,  
 He asked for their daughter, and told 'em how  
 He was as rich as a Jew!

BARNABY BAMPTON'S wealth,  
 Here is your jolly good health:  
 I'd never repine if you came to be mine,  
 BARNABY BAMPTON'S wealth!

“O great SIR BARNABY BAMPTON BOO”  
 (Said PLOW to that titled swell),

“My missus has given me daughters two—  
 AMELIA and CARROTTY NELL!”

AMELIA and CARROTTY NELL,  
 I hope you're uncommonly well:  
 You two pretty pearls—you extremely nice  
 girls—  
 AMELIA and CARROTTY NELL!

“There are AMELIA and CARROTTY NELL—  
 MILLY is good but plain,  
 The other is pretty, as I've heard tell,  
 But terribly pert and vain.”

CARROTTY ELLEN DE PLOW,  
 I drink to you willingly now;  
 But, oh, dear! you *should* copy MILLY THE  
 GOOD,  
 CARROTTY ELLEN DE PLOW!

“AMELIA is passable only, in face,  
 But, oh! she's a worthy girl;  
 Superior morals like hers would grace  
 The home of a belted Earl.”

Morality, heavenly link !  
 To you I'll eternally drink :  
 I'm awfully fond of that heavenly bond,  
 Morality, heavenly link !



“ Now NELLY ’s the prettier, p’raps, of my gals,  
 But, oh ! she’s a wayward chit ;  
 She dresses herself in her showy fal-lals,  
 And doesn’t read TUPPER a bit ! ”

O TUPPER, philosopher true,  
 How do you happen to do ?  
 A publisher looks with respect on your books,  
 For they *do* sell, philosopher true !

The Bart. (I'll be hanged if I drink him again,  
Or care if he's ill or well),  
He sneered at the goodness of MILLY THE PLAIN,  
And cottoned to CARROTTY NELL!

O CARROTTY NELLY DE P. !  
Be hanged if I'll empty to thee :  
I like worthy maids, not mere frivolous jades,  
CARROTTY NELLY DE P. !

They bolted, the Bart. and his frivolous dear,  
And MILLY was left to pout ;  
For years they've got on very well, as I hear,  
But soon he will rue it, do doubt.

O excellent MILLY DE PLOW,  
I really can't drink to you now ;  
My head isn't strong, and the song has been  
long,  
Excellent MILLY DE PLOW !





### THE MODEST COUPLE.



WHEN man and maiden meet, I like to see  
 a drooping eye,  
 I always droop my own—I am the shyest of the  
 shy.

I'm also fond of bashfulness, and sitting down on  
 thorns,  
 And modesty's a quality that womankind adorns.

Whenever I am introduced to any pretty maid,  
 My knees they knock together, just as if I were  
 afraid ;

I flutter, and I stammer, and I turn a pleasing red,  
 For to laugh, and flirt, and ogle I consider most  
 ill-bred.

Some persons when they're introduced to maidens  
 young and fair,  
 Begin at once by begging for a little lock of hair ;

Or when they meet a strange young girl, they'll take  
 her round the waist ;  
 Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but it argues want of  
 taste.

But still in all these matters, as in other things  
 below,  
 There is a proper medium, as I'm about to show.  
 I do not recommend a newly-married pair to try  
 'To carry on as PETER carried on with SARAH BLIGH.

Betrothed they were when very young — before  
 they'd learnt to speak  
 (For SARAH was but six days old, and PETER was  
 a week) ;  
 Though little more than babies at those early ages,  
 yet  
 They bashfully would faint when they occasionally  
 met.

They blushed, and flushed, and fainted, till they  
 reached the age of nine,  
 When PETER's good Papa (he was a Baron of the  
 Rhine)  
 Determined to endeavour some sound argument to  
 find  
 To bring these shy young people to a proper frame  
 of mind.

He told them that as SARAH was to be his PETER's  
 bride,  
 They might at least consent to sit at table side by  
 side :

He begged that they would now and then shake  
 hands, till he was hoarse,  
 Which SARAH thought indelicate, and PETER very  
 coarse.



And PETER in a tremble to the blushing maid would  
 say,  
 "You must excuse Papa, MISS BLIGH,—it is his  
 mountain way."  
 Says SARAH, "His behaviour I'll endeavour to for-  
 get,  
 But your Pa's the very coarsest person that I ever  
 met.



“ He plighted us without our leave, when we were  
very young,  
Before we had begun articulating with the tongue.  
His underbred suggestions fill your SARAH with  
alarm ;  
Why, gracious me ! he 'll ask us next to walk out  
arm in arm ! ”

At length when SARAH reached the legal age of  
twenty-one,  
The Baron he determined to unite her to his son ;  
And SARAH in a fainting-fit for weeks unconscious  
lay,  
And PETER blushed so hard you might have heard  
him miles away.

And when the time arrived for taking SARAH to his  
heart,  
They were married in two churches half a dozen  
miles apart  
(Intending to escape all public ridicule and chaff),  
And the service was conducted by electric tele-  
graph.

And when it was concluded, and the priest had  
said his say,  
Until the time arrived when they were both to drive  
away  
They never spoke or offered for to fondle or to fawn,  
For *he* waited in the attic, and *she* waited on the  
lawn.

At length, when four o'clock arrived, and it was  
time to go,  
The carriage was announced, but decent SARAH answered "No!  
Upon my word, I'd rather sleep my everlasting  
nap,  
Than go and ride alone with MR. PETER in a trap."

And PETER's over-sensitive and highly-polished  
mind  
Wouldn't suffer him to sanction a proceeding of the  
kind;  
And further, he declared he suffered overwhelming  
shocks  
At the bare idea of having any coachman on the  
box.

So PETER in one chariot incontinently rushed,  
While SARAH in a second trap sat modestly and  
blushed;  
And MR. NEWMAN's coachman, on authority I've  
heard,  
Deposited himself upon the coach-box of a third.

Now, though this modest couple in the matter of  
the car  
Were very likely carrying a principle too far,  
I hold their shy behaviour was more laudable in  
them  
Than that of PETER's brother with MISS SARAH's  
sister EM.

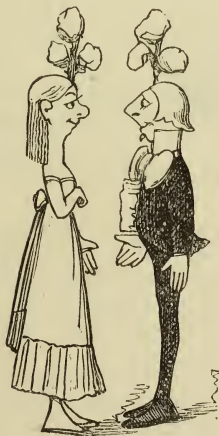
ALPHONSO, who in cool assurance all creation licks,  
He up and said to EMMIE (who had impudence for  
six),

“MISS EMILY, I love you—will you marry? Say  
the word!”

And EMILY said, “Certainly, ALPHONSO, like a  
bird!”

I do not recommend a newly-married pair to try  
To carry on as PETER carried on with SARAH BLIGH,  
But still their shy behaviour was more laudable in  
them

Than that of PETER’S brother with MISS SARAH’S  
sister EM.





### THE MARTINET.

SOME time ago, in simple verse  
 I sang the story true  
 Of CAPTAIN REECE, the *Mantelpiece*,  
 And all her happy crew.

I showed how any captain may  
 Attach his men to him,  
 If he but heeds their smallest needs,  
 And studies every whim.

Now mark how, by Draconic rule  
And *hauteur* ill-advised,  
The noblest crew upon the Blue  
May be demoralized.

When his ungrateful country placed  
Kind REECE upon half-pay,  
Without much claim SIR BERKELY came,  
And took command one day.

SIR BERKELY was a martinet—  
A stern unyielding soul—  
Who ruled his ship by dint of whip  
And horrible black-hole.

A sailor who was overcome  
From having freely dined,  
And chanced to reel when at the wheel,  
He instantly confined !

And tars who, when an action raged,  
Appeared alarmed or scared,  
And those below who wished to go,  
He very seldom spared.

E'en he who smote his officer  
For punishment was booked,  
And mutinies upon the seas  
He rarely overlooked.

In short, the happy *Mantelpiece*  
Where all had gone so well,  
Beneath that fool SIR BERKELY'S rule  
Became a floating hell.

When first SIR BERKELY came aboard  
He read a speech to all,  
And told them how he 'd made a vow  
To act on duty's call.

Then WILLIAM LEE, he up and said  
(The Captain's coxswain he) :  
" We've heard the speech your honour's  
made,  
And werry pleased we be.

" We won't pretend, my lad, as how  
We're glad to lose our REECE ;  
Urbane, polite, he suited quite  
The saucy *Mantelpiece*.

" But if your honour gives your mind  
To study all our ways,  
With dance and song we'll jog along  
As in those happy days.

" I like your honour's looks, and feel  
You're worthy of your sword.  
Your hand, my lad—I'm doosid glad  
To welcome you aboard !"

SIR BERKELY looked amazed, as though  
 He didn't understand.  
 "Don't shake your head," good WILLIAM  
 said,  
 "It is an honest hand.



"It's grasped a better hand than yourn—  
 Come, gov'nor, I insist!"  
 The Captain stared—the coxswain glared—  
 The hand became a fist!

"Down, upstart!" said the hardy salt;  
 But BERKELY dodged his aim,  
 And made him go in chains below:  
 The seamen murmured "Shame!"

He stopped all songs at 12 p.m.,  
Stopped hornpipes when at sea,  
And swore his cot (or bunk) should not  
Be used by aught than he.

He never joined their daily mess,  
Nor asked them to his own,  
But chaffed in gay and social way  
The officers alone.

His First Lieutenant, PETER, was  
As useless as could be,  
A helpless stick, and always sick  
When there was any sea.

This First Lieutenant proved to be  
His foster-sister MAY,  
Who went to sea for love of he  
In masculine array.

And when he learnt the curious fact,  
Did he emotion show,  
Or dry her tears, or end her fears  
By marrying her? No!

Or did he even try to soothe  
This maiden in her teens?  
Oh, no!—instead he made her wed  
The Sergeant of Marines!



Of course such Spartan discipline  
Would make an angel fret.  
They drew a lot, and WILLIAM shot  
This fearful Martinet.

The Admiralty saw how ill  
They'd treated CAPTAIN REECE;  
He was restored once more aboard  
The saucy *Mantelpiece*.





## THE SAILOR BOY TO HIS LASS.

**I** GO away this blessed day,  
 To sail across the sea, MATILDA!  
 My vessel starts for various parts  
 At twenty after three, MATILDA.  
 I hardly know where we may go,  
 Or if it's near or far, MATILDA,  
 For CAPTAIN HYDE does not confide  
 In any 'fore-mast tar, MATILDA!

Beneath my ban that mystic man  
 Shall suffer, *coûte qui coûte*, MATILDA!  
 What right has he to keep from me  
 The Admiralty route, MATILDA?

Because, forsooth ! I am a youth  
 Of common sailors' lot, MATILDA !  
 Am I a man on human plan  
 Designed, or am I not, MATILDA ?



But there, my lass, we'll let that pass !  
 With anxious love I burn, MATILDA.  
 I want to know if we shall go  
 To church when I return, MATILDA ?  
 Your eyes are red, you bow your head ;  
 It's pretty clear you thirst, MATILDA,  
 To name the day—What's that you say ?  
 —“You'll see me further first,” MATILDA ?

I can't mistake the signs you make,  
Although you barely speak, MATILDA ;  
Though pure and young, you thrust your tongue  
Right in your pretty cheek, MATILDA !  
My dear, I fear I hear you sneer—  
I do—I'm sure I do, MATILDA—  
With simple grace you make a face,  
Ejaculating, " Ugh !" MATILDA.

Oh, pause to think before you drink  
The dregs of Lethe's cup, MATILDA !  
Remember, do, what I've gone through,  
Before you give me up, MATILDA !  
Recall again the mental pain  
Of what I've had to do, MATILDA !  
And be assured that I've endured  
It, all along of you, MATILDA !

Do you forget, my blithesome pet,  
How once with jealous rage, MATILDA,  
I watched you walk and gaily talk  
With some one thrice your age, MATILDA ?  
You squatted free upon his knee,  
A sight that made me sad, MATILDA !  
You pinched his cheek with friendly tweak,  
Which almost drove me mad, MATILDA !

I know him not, but hoped to spot  
Some man you thought to wed, MATILDA !  
I took a gun, my darling one,  
And shot him through the head, MATILDA !

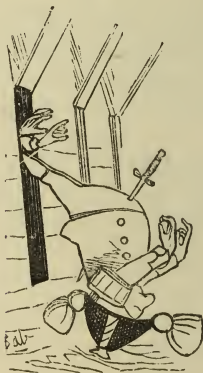
I'm made of stuff that's rough and gruff  
Enough, I own; but, ah, MATILDA!  
It *did* annoy your poor old boy  
To find it was your pa, MATILDA!

I've passed a life of toil and strife,  
And disappointments deep, MATILDA;  
I've lain awake with dental ache  
Until I fell asleep, MATILDA!  
At times again I've missed a train,  
Or p'rhaps run short of tin, MATILDA,  
And worn a boot on corns that shoot,  
Or, shaving, cut my chin, MATILDA!

But, oh! no trains—no dental pains—  
Believe me when I say, MATILDA,  
No corns that shoot—no pinching boot  
Upon a summer day, MATILDA—  
It's my belief, could cause such grief  
As that I've suffered for, MATILDA,  
My having shot in vital spot  
Your old progenitor, MATILDA!

Bethink you how I've kept the vow  
I made one winter day, MATILDA—  
That, come what could, I never would  
Remain too long away, MATILDA.  
And, oh! the crimes with which, at times,  
I've charged my gentle mind, MATILDA,  
To keep the vow I made—and now  
You treat me so unkind, MATILDA!

For when at sea, off Caribbee,  
 I felt my passion burn, MATILDA ;  
 By passion egged, I went and begged  
 The captain to return, MATILDA.  
 And when, my pet, I couldn't get  
 That captain to agree, MATILDA,  
 Right through a sort of open port  
 I pitched him in the sea, MATILDA !



Remember, too, how all the crew,  
 With indignation blind, MATILDA,  
 Distinctly swore they ne'er before  
 Had thought me so unkind, MATILDA ;  
 And how they'd shun me one by one—  
 An unforgiving group, MATILDA—  
 I stopped their howls and sulky scowls  
 By pizening their soup, MATILDA !

So pause to think, before you drink  
The dregs of Lethe's cup, MATILDA ;  
Remember, do, what I've gone through,  
Before you give me up, MATILDA.  
Recall again the mental pain  
Of what I've had to do, MATILDA,  
And be assured that I've endured  
It, all along of you, MATILDA !





## THE REVEREND SIMON MAGUS.

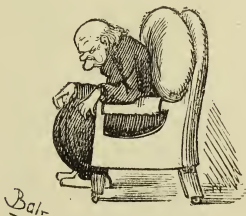
A RICH advowson, highly prized,  
 For private sale was advertised ;  
 And many a parson made a bid ;  
 The REVEREND SIMON MAGUS did.

He sought the agent's : " Agent, I  
 Have come prepared at once to buy  
 (If your demand is not too big)  
 The Cure of Otium-cuin-Digge."



“ Ah ! ” said the agent, “ *there*’s a berth—  
The snuggest vicarage on earth ;  
No sort of duty (so I hear),  
And fifteen hundred pounds a year !

“ If on the price we should agree,  
The living soon will vacant be :  
The good incumbent ’s ninety-five,  
And cannot very long survive.



“ See—here ’s his photograph—you see,  
He ’s in his dotage.” “ Ah, dear me !  
Poor soul ! ” said SIMON. “ His decease  
Would be a merciful release ! ”

The agent laughed—the agent blinked—  
The agent blew his nose and winked—  
And poked the parson’s ribs in play—  
It was that agent’s vulgar way.

The REVEREND SIMON frowned : " I grieve  
 This light demeanour to perceive ;  
 It's scarcely *comme il faut*, I think :  
 Now—pray oblige me—do not wink.

" Don't dig my waistcoat into holes—  
 Your mission is to sell the souls  
 Of human sheep and human kids  
 To that divine who highest bids.

" Do well in this, and on your head  
 Unnumbered honours will be shed."  
 The agent said, " Well, truth to tell,  
 I *have* been doing very well."

" You should," said SIMON, " at your age ;  
 But now about the parsonage.  
 How many rooms does it contain ?  
 Show me the photograph again.

" A poor apostle's humble house  
 Must not be too luxurious ;  
 No stately halls with oaken floor—  
 It should be decent and no more.

" No billiard-rooms—no stately trees—  
 No croquêt-grounds or pineries."

" Ah !" sighed the agent, " very true :  
 ' This property won't do for you.

" All these about the house you'll find"—  
 " Well," said the parson, " never mind ;  
 I'll manage to submit to these  
 Luxurious superfluties.

“ A clergyman who does not shirk  
 The various calls of Christian work,  
 Will have no leisure to employ  
 These ‘common forms’ of worldly joy.

To preach three times on Sabbath days—  
 To wean the lost from wicked ways—  
 The sick to soothe—the sane to wed—  
 The poor to feed with meat and bread ;



“ These are the various wholesome ways  
 In which I ’ll spend my nights and days :  
 My zeal will have no time to cool  
 At croquêt, archery, or pool.”

The agent said, “ From what I hear,  
 This living will not suit, I fear—  
 There are no poor, no sick at all ;  
 For services there is no call.”

The reverend gent looked grave. "Dear me!  
Then there is *no* 'society'?—  
I mean, of course, no sinners there  
Whose souls will be my special care?"

The cunning agent shook his head,  
"No, none—except"—(the agent said)—  
"The DUKE OF A., the EARL OF B.,  
The MARQUIS C., and VISCOUNT D."




"But you will not be quite alone,  
For, though they've chaplains of their own,  
Of course this noble well-bred clan  
Receive the parish clergyman."

"Oh, silence, sir!" said SIMON M.,  
"Dukes—earls! What should I care for them?  
These worldly ranks I scorn and flout,  
Of course." The agent said, "No doubt."

“ Yet I might show these men of birth  
The hollowness of rank on earth.”  
The agent answered, “ Very true—  
But I should not, if I were you.”

“ Who sells this rich advowson, pray ? ”  
The agent winked—it was his way—  
“ His name is HART ; ’twixt me and you,  
He is, I ’m grieved to say, a Jew ! ”

“ A Jew ? ” said SIMON, “ happy find !  
I purchase this advowson, mind.  
My life shall be devoted to  
Converting that unhappy Jew ! ”





DAMON *v.* PYTHIAS.

—◆—

TWO better friends you wouldn't pass  
 Throughout a summer's day,  
 Than DAMON and his PYTHIAS,—  
 Two merchant princes they.

At school together they contrived  
 All sorts of boyish larks ;  
 And, later on, together thrived  
 As merry merchants' clerks.

And then, when many years had flown,  
They rose together till  
They bought a business of their own—  
And they conduct it still.

They loved each other all their lives,  
Dissent they never knew,  
And, stranger still, their very wives  
Were rather friendly too.

Perhaps you think, to serve my ends  
These statements I refute,  
When I admit that these dear friends  
Were parties to a suit.

But 't was a friendly action, for  
Good PYTHIAS, as you see,  
Fought merely as executor,  
And DAMON as trustee.

They laughed to think, as through the throng  
Of suitors sad they past,  
That they, who 'd lived and loved so long,  
Should go to law at last.

The junior briefs they kindly let  
Two sucking counsel hold ;  
These learned persons never yet  
Had tasted suitors' gold.

But though the happy suitors two  
Were friendly as could be,  
Not so the junior counsel who  
Were earning maiden fee.

They too, till then, were friends. At school  
They 'd done each other's sums,  
And under Oxford's gentle rule  
Had been the closest chums.



But now they met with scowl and grin  
In every public place,  
And often snapped their fingers in  
Each other's learned face.

It almost ended in a fight  
When they on path or stair  
Met face to face. They made it quite  
A personal affair



(Enthusiastically high  
Your sense of legal strife,  
When it affects the sanctity  
Of your domestic life.)

And when at length the case was called  
(It came on rather late),  
Spectators really were appalled  
To see their deadly hate.

One junior rose—with eyeballs tense,  
And swollen frontal veins :  
To all his powers of eloquence  
He gave the fullest reins.

His argument was novel—for  
A verdict he relied  
On blackening the junior  
Upon the other side.

“ Oh,” said the Judge at Westminster,  
“ The matter in dispute  
To arbitration pray refer—  
This is a friendly suit.”

And PYTHIAS, in merry mood,  
Dugged DAMON in the side ;  
And DAMON, tickled with the feud  
With other digs replied.

But oh! those deadly counsel twain,  
Who were such friends before,  
Were never reconciled again.  
They quarrelled more and more.

At length it happened that they met  
On Alpine heights one day,  
And then they paid each other's debt—  
Their fury had its way.

They seized each other in a trice,  
With scorn and hatred filled,  
And falling from a precipice,  
They, both of them, were killed.





## MY DREAM.

THE other night, from cares exempt,  
I slept — and what d'you think I  
dreamt?

I dreamt that somehow I had come  
To dwell in Topsy-Turveydom! —

Where vice is virtue — virtue, vice :  
Where nice is nasty — nasty, nice :  
Where right is wrong and wrong is right —  
Where white is black and black is white.

Where babies, much to their surprise,  
Are born astonishingly wise ;  
With every Science on their lips,  
And Art at all their finger-tips.

For, as their nurses dandle them,  
They crow binomial theorem,  
With views (it seems absurd to us)  
On differential calculus.

But though a babe, as I have said,  
Is born with learning in his head,  
He must forgot it, if he can,  
Before he calls himself a man.

For that which we call folly here,  
Is wisdom in that favoured sphere ;  
The wisdom we so highly prize  
Is blatant folly in their eyes.

A boy, if he would push his way,  
Must learn some nonsense every day ;  
And cut, to carry out this view,  
His wisdom teeth and wisdom too.

Historians burn their midnight oils,  
Intent on giant-killers' toils ;  
And sages close their aged eyes  
To other sages' lullabies.

Our magistrates, in duty bound,  
Commit all robbers who are found ;  
But there the beaks (so people said)  
Commit all robberies instead.

Our judges, pure and wise in tone,  
 Know crime from theory alone,  
 And glean the motives of a thief  
 From books and popular belief.



But there, a judge who wants to prime  
 His mind with true ideas of crime,  
 Derives them from the common sense  
 Of practical experience.

Policemen march all folks away  
 Who practise virtue every day—  
 Of course, I mean to say, you know,  
 What we call virtue here below.

For only scoundrels dare to do  
 What we consider just and true,  
 And only good men do, in fact,  
 What we should think a dirty act.

But strangest of these social twirls,  
 The girls are boys—the boys are girls!  
 The men are women, too—but then,  
*Per contra*, women all are men.

To one who to tradition clings  
 This seems an awkward state of things,  
 But if to think it out you try,  
 It doesn't really signify.

With them, as surely as can be,  
 A sailor should be sick at sea,  
 And not a passenger may sail  
 Who cannot smoke right through a gale.



A soldier (save by rarest luck)  
 Is always shot for showing pluck,  
 (That is, if others can be found  
 With pluck enough to fire a round.)

“ How strange,” I said to one I saw,  
“ You quite upset our every law.  
However can you get along  
So systematically wrong ? ”

“ Dear me,” my mad informant said,  
“ Have you no eyes within your head ?  
You sneer when you your hat should doff :  
Why, we begin where you leave off !

“ Your wisest men are very far  
Less learned than our babies are ! ”  
I mused awhile—and then, oh, me !  
I framed this brilliant repartee :

“ Although your babes are wiser far  
Than our most valued sages are,  
Your sages, with their toys and cots,  
Are duller than our idiots ! ”

But this remark, I grieve to state,  
Came just a little bit too late ;  
For as I framed it in my head,  
I woke and found myself in bed.

Still I could wish that, 'stead of here,  
My lot were in that favoured sphere !—  
Where greatest fools bear off the bell  
I ought to do extremely well.



THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO, AGAIN.

I OFTEN wonder whether you  
 Think sometimes of that bishop, who  
 From black but balmy Rum-ti-foo  
 Last summer twelvemonth came.  
 Unto your mind I p'raps may bring  
 Remembrance of the man I sing  
 To-day, by simply mentioning  
 That PETER was his name.



Remember how that holy man  
 Came with the great Colonial clan  
 To Synod, called Pan-Anglican ;  
     And kindly recollect  
 How, having crossed the ocean wide,  
 To please his flock all means he tried  
 Consistent with a proper pride  
     And manly self-respect.

He only, of the reverend pack  
 Who minister to Christians black,  
 Brought any useful knowledge back  
     To his Colonial fold.  
 In consequence a place I claim  
 For "PETER" on the scroll of Fame  
 (For PETER was that bishop's name,  
     As I've already told).

He carried Art, he often said,  
 To places where that timid maid  
 (Save by Colonial bishops' aid)  
     Could never hope to roam.  
 The Payne-cum-Lauri feat he taught  
 As he had learnt it ; for he thought  
 The choicest fruits of Progress ought  
     To bless the Negro's home.

And he had other work to do,  
 For, while he tossed upon the blue,  
 The islanders of Rum-ti-foo  
     Forgot their kindly friend.

Their decent clothes they learnt to tear—  
 They learnt to say, "I do not care,"  
 Though they, of course, were well aware  
 How folks, who say so, end.



Some sailors, whom he did not know,  
 Had landed there not long ago,  
 And taught them "Bother!" also, "Blow!"  
 (Of wickedness the germs.)

No need to use a casuist's pen  
 To prove that they were merchantmen ;  
 No sailor of the Royal N.

Would use such awful terms.

And so, when Bishop PETER came  
 (That was the kindly bishop's name),  
 He heard these dreadful oaths with shame,  
 And chid their want of dress.

(Except a shell—a bangle rare—  
 A feather here—a feather there—  
 The South Pacific negroes wear  
     Their native nothingness.

He taught them that a bishop loathes  
 To listen to disgraceful oaths,  
 He gave them all his left-off clothes—  
     They bent them to his will.  
 The bishop's gift spreads quickly round ;  
 In PETER'S left-off clothes they bound  
 (His three-and-twenty suits they found  
     In fair condition still).

The bishop's eyes with water fill,  
 Quite overjoyed to find them still  
 Obedient to his sovereign will,  
     And said, "Good Rum-ti-foo !  
 Half-way I'll meet you, I declare :  
 I'll dress myself in cowries rare,  
 And fasten feathers in my hair,  
     And dance the 'Cutch-chi-boo !' " \*

And to conciliate his see  
 He married PICCADILLILLEE,  
 The youngest of his twenty-three,  
     Tall—neither fat nor thin.  
 (And though the dress he made her don  
 Looks awkwardly a girl upon,  
 It was a great improvement on  
     The one he found her in.)

\* Described by MUNGO PARK.

The bishop in his gay canoe  
(His wife, of course, went with him too),  
To some adjacent island flew,  
    To spend his honeymoon.  
Some day in sunny Rum-ti-foo  
A little PETER 'll be on view ;  
And that (if people tell me true)  
    Is like to happen soon.





## A WORM WILL TURN.



I LOVE a man who 'll smile and joke  
 When with misfortune crowned ;  
 Who 'll pun beneath a pauper's yoke,  
 And as he breaks his daily toke,  
 Conundrums gay propound.

Just such a man was BERNARD JUPP,  
 He scoffed at Fortune's frown ;  
 He gaily drained his bitter cup—  
 Though Fortune often threw him up,  
 It never cast him down.

Though years their share of sorrow bring,  
    We know that far above  
All other griefs, are griefs that spring  
From some misfortune happening  
    To those we really love.

E'en sorrow for another's woe  
    Our BERNARD failed to quell ;  
Though by this special form of blow  
No person ever suffered so,  
    Or bore his grief so well.

His father, wealthy and well clad,  
    And owning house and park,  
Lost every halfpenny he had,  
And then became (exremely sad !)  
    A poor attorney's clerk.

All sons it surely would appal,  
    Except the passing meek,  
To see a father lose his all,  
And from an independence fall  
    To one pound ten a week !

But JUPP shook off this sorrow's weight,  
    And like a Christian son,  
Proved Poverty a happy fate—  
Proved Wealth to be a devil's bait,  
    To lure poor sinners on.

With other sorrows BERNARD coped,  
    For sorrows came in packs ;



His cousins with their housemaids sloped—  
 His uncles died—his aunts eloped—  
 His sisters married blacks.

But BERNARD, far from murmuring,  
 (Exemplar, friends to us)  
 Determined to his faith to cling,—  
 He made the best of everything,  
 And argued softly thus :

“T were harsh my uncles’ forging knack  
 Too rudely to condemn—  
 My aunts, repentant, may come back,  
 And blacks are nothing like as black  
 As people colour them !”

Still Fate, with many a sorrow rife,  
    Maintained relentless fight :  
His grandmamma next lost her life,  
Then died the mother of his wife,  
    But still he seemed all right.

His brother fond (the only link  
    To life that bound him now)  
One morning, overcome by drink,  
He broke his leg (the right, I think)  
    In some disgraceful row.

But did my BERNARD swear and curse?  
    Oh, no—to murmur loth,  
He only said, "Go, get a nurse :  
Be thankful that it isn't worse ;  
    You might have broken both !"

But worms who watch without concern  
    The cockchafer on thorns,  
Or beetles smashed, themselves will turn  
If, walking through the slippery fern,  
    You tread upon their corns.

And if when all the mischief's done  
    You watch their dying squirms,  
And listen, ere their breath has run,  
You'll hear them sigh "Oh, clumsy one !"  
    —And devil blame the worms.



One night, as BERNARD made his track  
Through Brompton home to bed,  
A footpad, with a vizor black,  
Took watch and purse, and dealt a crack  
On BERNARD's saint-like head.



It was too much—his spirit rose,  
He looked extremely cross.  
Men thought him steeled to mortal foes,  
But no—he bowed to countless blows,  
But kicked against this loss.

He finally made up his mind  
Upon his friends to call;  
Subscription lists were largely signed,  
For men were really glad to find  
Him mortal, after all!



### THE HAUGHTY ACTOR.

AN actor—GIBBS, of Drury Lane—  
 Of very decent station,  
 Once happened in a part to gain  
 Excessive approbation :  
 It sometimes turns a fellow's brain  
 And makes him singularly vain  
 When he believes that he receives  
 Tremendous approbation,

His great success half drove him mad,  
 But no one seemed to mind him :  
 Well, in another piece he had  
 Another part assigned him.  
 This part was smaller, by a bit,  
 Than that in which he made a hit.  
 So, much ill-used, he straight refused  
 To play the part assigned him.

\* \* \* \* \*

*That night that actor slept, and I'll attempt  
 To tell you of the vivid dream he dreamt :*

### THE DREAM.

In fighting with a robber band  
 (A thing he loved sincerely)  
 A sword struck GIBBS upon the hand  
 And wounded it severely.  
 At first he didn't heed it much,  
 He thought it was a simple touch,  
 But soon he found the weapon's bound  
 Had wounded him severely.

To Surgeon COBB he made a trip,  
 Who'd just effected featly  
 An amputation at the hip  
 Particularly neatly.

A rising man was Surgeon COBB,  
 But this extremely ticklish job  
 He had achieved (as he believed)  
 Particularly neatly.

The actor rang the surgeon's bell.  
 "Observe my wounded finger,  
 Be good enough to strap it well,  
 And prithee do not linger.  
 That I, dear sir, may fill again  
 The Theatre Royal Drury Lane :  
 This very night I have to fight—  
 So prithee do not linger."

"I don't strap fingers up for doles,"  
 Replied the haughty surgeon ;  
 "To use your cant, I don't play *rôles*  
 'Utility' that verge on.  
 'First amputation'—nothing less—  
 That is my line of business :  
 We surgeon nobs despise all jobs  
 Utility that verge on.

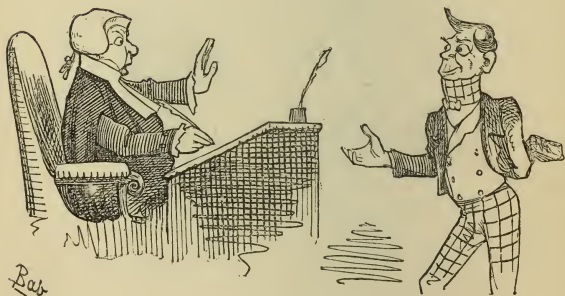
"When in your hip there lurks disease"  
 (So dreamt this lively dreamer)  
 "Or devastating *caries*,  
 In *humerus* or *femur*,  
 If you can pay a handsome fee,  
 Oh, then you may remember me  
 With joy elate I'll amputate  
 Your *humerus* or *femur*."

The disconcerted actor ceased  
 The haughty leech to pester,  
 But when the wound in size increased,  
 And then began to fester,  
 He sought a learned Counsel's lair,  
 And told that Counsel, then and there,  
 How COBB's neglect of his defect  
 Had made his finger fester.



“Oh, bring my action, if you please,  
 The case I pray you urge on,  
 And win me thumping damages  
 From COBB, that haughty surgeon.  
 He culpably neglected me  
 Although I proffered him his fee,  
 So pray come down, in wig and gown,  
 On COBB, that haughty surgeon!”

That Counsel learned in the laws,  
 With passion almost trembled.  
 He just had gained a mighty cause  
 Before the Peers assembled !  
 Said he, "How dare you have the face  
 To come with Common Jury case  
 To one who wings rhetoric flings  
 Before the Peers assembled ?"



Dispirited became our friend—  
 Depressed his moral pecker—  
 "But stay ! a thought ! I'll gain my end  
 And save my poor exchequer.  
 I won't be placed upon the shelf,  
 I'll take it into Court myself,  
 And legal lore display before  
 The Court of the Exchequer.

He found a Baron—one of those  
Who with our laws supply us—  
In wig and silken gown and hose,  
As if at *Nisi Prius*.  
But he 'd just given, off the reel,  
A famous judgment on Appeal :  
It scarce became his heightened fame  
To sit at *Nisi Prius*.

Our friend began, with easy wit,  
That half concealed his terror :  
“Pooh!” said the Judge, “I only sit  
In *Banco* or in *Error*.  
Can you suppose, my man, that I 'd  
O'er *Nisi Prius* Courts preside,  
Or condescend my time to spend  
On anything but *Error*?”

“Too bad,” said GIBBS, “my case to shirk!  
You must be bad innately,  
To save your skill for mighty work  
Because it 's valued greatly!”

But here he woke, with sudden start.

\* \* \* \* \*

He wrote to say he 'd play the part.

I've but to tell he played it well—  
The author's words—his native wit  
Combined, achieved a perfect "hit"—  
The papers praised him greatly.







## THE TWO MAJORS.



AN excellent soldier who's worthy the name,  
 Loves officers dashing and strict :  
 When good, he's content with escaping all blame,  
 When naughty, he likes to be licked.

He likes for a fault to be bullied and stormed,  
 Or imprisoned for several days,  
 And hates, for a duty correctly performed,  
 To be slavered with sickening praise.

No officer sickened with praises his *corps*  
 So little as MAJOR LA GUERRE—  
 No officer swore at his warriors more  
 Than MAJOR MAKREDI PREPERE.

Their soldiers adored them, and every grade  
 Delighted to hear their abuse ;  
 Though whenever these officers came on parade,  
 They shivered and shook in their shoes.

For, oh ! if LA GUERRE could all praises withhold,  
 Why, so could MAKREDI PREPERE ;  
 And, oh ! if MAKREDI could bluster and scold,  
 Why, so could the mighty LA GUERRE.

“ No doubt we deserve—it no mercy we crave—  
 Go on—you're conferring a boon ;  
 We would rather be slanged by a warrior brave  
 Than praised by a wretched poltroon ! ”

MAKREDI would say that in battle's fierce rage  
 True happiness only was met :  
 Poor MAJOR MAKREDI, though fifty his age,  
 Had never known happiness yet !

LA GUERRE would declare, “ With the blood of a foe  
 No tippie is worthy to clink.”  
 Poor fellow ! he hadn't, though sixty or so,  
 Yet tasted his favourite drink !

They agreed at their mess—they agreed in the glass—  
 They agreed in the choice of their “ set,”  
 And they also agreed in adoring, alas !  
 The Vivandière, pretty FILLETTE.

Agreement, you see, may be carried too far,  
 And after agreeing all round  
 I'or years—in this soldierly “maid of the bar,”  
 A bone of contention they found !



It may seem improper to call such a pet—  
 By a metaphor, even—a bone ;  
 But though they agreed in adoring her, yet  
 Each wanted to make her his own.

“On the day that you marry her,” muttered PREPERE  
 (With a pistol he quietly played),  
 “I’ll scatter the brains in your noddle, I swear.  
 All over the stony parade !”

"I cannot do *that* to you," answered LA GUERRE,  
 "Whatever events may befall ;  
 But this *I can* do—if *you* wed her, *mon cher* !  
 I'll eat you, moustachios and all !"

The rivals, although they would never engage,  
 Yet quarrelled whenever they met ;  
 They met in a fury and left in a rage,  
 But neither took pretty FILLETTE.

"I am not afraid," thought MAKREDI PREPERE :  
 "For country I'm ready to fall ;  
 But nobody wants, for a mere Vivandière,  
 To be eaten, moustachios and all !

"Besides, though LA GUERRE had his faults, I'll  
 allow  
 He's one of the bravest of men :  
 My goodness ! If I disagree with him now,  
 I might disagree with him then."

"No coward am I," said LA GUERRE, "as you guess—  
 I sneer at an enemy's blade ;  
 But I don't want PREPERE to get into a mess  
 For splashing the stony parade !"

One day on parade to PREPERE and LA GUERRE  
 Came CORPORAL JACOT DEBETTE,  
 And trembling all over, he prayed of them there  
 To give him the pretty FILLETTE.



“ You see, I am willing to marry my bride  
 Until you’ve arranged this affair ;  
 I will blow out my brains when your honours decide  
 Which marries the sweet Vivandière ! ”

“ Well, take her, ” said both of them in a duet  
 (A favourite form of reply),  
 “ But when I am ready to marry FILLETTE  
 Remember you’ve promised to die ! ”

He married her then : from the flowery plains  
 Of existence the roses they cull :  
 He lived and he died with his wife ; and his brains  
 Are reposing in peace in his skull.



## EMILY, JOHN, JAMES, AND I.

(*A Derby Legend.*)

EMILY JANE was a nursery maid—  
 JAMES was a bold Life Guard,  
 JOHN was a constable, poorly paid,  
 (And I am a doggrel bard).

A very good girl was EMILY JANE,  
 JIMMY was good and true,  
 JOHN was a very good man in the main  
 (And I am a good man, too).

Rivals for EMMIE were JOHNNY and JAMES,  
 Though EMILY liked them both ;  
 She couldn't tell which had the strongest claims  
 (And I couldn't take my oath).

But sooner or later you're certain to find  
Your sentiments can't lie hid—

JANE thought it was time that she made up her mind  
(And I think it was time she did).

Said JANE, with a smirk, and a blush on her face,  
"I'll promise to wed the boy

Who takes me to-morrow to Epsom Race!"  
(Which *I* would have done, with joy).

From JOHNNY escaped an expression of pain,

But JIMMY said, "Done with you!

I'll take you with pleasure, my EMILY JANE!"  
(And I would have said so too).

JOHN lay on the ground, and he roared like mad

(For JOHNNY was sore perplexed),

And he kicked very hard at a very small lad  
(Which *I* often do, when vexed).

For JOHN was on duty next day with the Force,  
To punish all Epsom crimes;

Young people *will* cross, when they're clearing the  
course

(I do it myself, sometimes).

\* \* \* \* \*

The Derby Day sun glittered gaily on cads,

On maidens with gamboge hair,

On sharpers and pickpockets, swindlers and pads—  
(For I, with my harp, was there).

And JIMMY went down with his JANE that day,  
And JOHN by the collar or nape  
Seized everybody who came in his way  
(And *I* had a narrow escape).

He noticed his EMILY JANE with JIM,  
And envied the well made elf;  
And people remarked that he muttered "Oh, dim!"  
(I often say "dim!" myself).

JOHN dogged them all day, without asking their  
leaves;  
For his sergeant he told, aside,  
That JIMMY and JANE were notorious thieves  
(And I think he was justified).

But JAMES wouldn't dream of abstracting a fork,  
And JENNY would blush with shame  
At stealing so much as a bottle or cork  
(A bottle I think fair game).

But, ah! there's another more serious crime!  
They wickedly strayed upon  
The course, at a critical moment of time  
(I pointed them out to JOHN).

The crusher came down on the pair in a crack—  
And then, with a demon smile,  
Let JENNY cross over, but sent JIMMY back  
(I played on my harp the while).





Stern JOHNNY their agony loud derides  
 With a very triumphant sneer—  
 They weep and they wail from the opposite sides  
 (And *I* shed a silent tear).

And JENNY is crying away like mad,  
 And JIMMY is swearing hard ;  
 And JOHNNY is looking uncommonly glad  
 (And I am a doggrel bard).

But JIMMY he ventured on crossing again  
 The scenes of our Isthmian Games—  
 JOHN caught him, and collared him, giving him pain  
 (I felt very much for JAMES).

JOHN led him away with a victor's hand,  
And JIMMY was shortly seen  
In the station-house under the grand Grand Stand  
(As many a time *I've* been).

And JIMMY, bad boy, was imprisoned for life,  
Though EMILY pleaded hard ;  
And JOHNNY had EMILY JANE to wife  
(And I am a doggrel bard).





## THE PERILS OF INVISIBILITY.



OLD PETER led a wretched life—  
 Old PETER had a furious wife ;  
 Old PETER, too, was truly stout,  
 He measured several yards about.

The little fairy PICKLEKIN  
 One summer afternoon looked in,  
 And said, “Old PETER, how de do ?  
 Can I do anything for you ?

“I have three gifts—the first will give  
 Unbounded riches while you live ;

The second, health where'er you be ;  
The third, invisibility."

"O, little fairy PICKLEKIN,"  
Old PETER answered, with a grin,  
"To hesitate would be absurd,—  
Undoubtedly I choose the third."

"'Tis yours," the fairy said ; "be quite  
Invisible to mortal sight  
Whene'er you please. Remember me  
Most kindly, pray, to MRS. P."

Old MRS. PETER overheard  
Wee PICKLEKIN's concluding word,  
And, jealous of her girlhood's choice,  
Said, "That was some young woman's voice !"

Old PETER let her scold and swear—  
Old PETER, bless him, didn't care.  
"My dear, your rage is wasted quite—  
Observe, I disappear from sight !"

A well-bred fairy (so I've heard)  
Is always faithful to her word :  
Old PETER vanished like a shot,  
But then—*his suit of clothes did not.*

For when conferred the fairy slim  
Invisibility on *him*,  
She popped away on fairy wings,  
Without referring to his "things."

So there remained a coat of blue,  
A vest and double eyeglass too,  
His tail, his shoes, his socks as well,  
His pair of—no, I must not tell.

Old MRS. PETER soon began  
To see the failure of his plan,  
And then resolved (I quote the bard)  
To “Hoist him with his own petard.”

Old PETER woke next day and dressed,  
Put on his coat and shoes and vest,  
His shirt and stock—*but could not find*  
*His only pair of*—never mind!

Old PETER was a decent man,  
And though he twigged his lady's plan,  
Yet, hearing her approaching, he  
Resumed invisibility.

“Dear MRS. P., my only joy,”  
Exclaimed the horrified old boy;  
“Now give them up, I beg of you—  
You know what I'm referring to!”

But no; the cross old lady swore  
She'd keep his—what I said before—  
To make him publicly absurd;  
And MRS. PETER kept her word.

The poor old fellow had no rest;  
His coat, his stock, his shoes, his vest,

Were all that now met mortal eye—  
The rest, invisibility !



“ Now, madam, give them up, I beg—  
I’ve had rheumatics in my leg ;  
Besides, until you do, it’s plain  
I cannot come to sight again !

“ For though some mirth it might afford  
To see my clothes without their lord,  
Yet there would rise indignant oaths  
If he were seen without his clothes !”

But no ; resolved to have her quiz,  
The lady held her own—and his—

And PETER left his humble cot  
To find a pair of—you know what.



But—here's the worst of this affair—  
Whene'er he came across a pair  
Already placed for him to don,  
He was too stout to get them on !

So he resolv'd at once to train,  
And walked and walked with all his main ;  
For years he paced this mortal earth,  
To bring himself to decent girth.

At night, when all around is still,  
You'll find him pounding up a hill ;  
And shrieking peasants whom he meets,  
Fall down in terror on the peats !

Old PETER walks through wind and rain,  
Resolv'd to train, and train, and train,  
Until he weighs twelve stone or so—  
And when he does, I'll let you know.



OLD PAUL AND OLD TIM.



WHEN rival adorers come courting a maid,  
 There's something or other may often be said,  
 Why *he* should be pitched upon rather than *him*.  
 This wasn't the case with Old PAUL and Old TIM.

No soul could discover a reason at all  
 For marrying TIMOTHY rather than PAUL ;  
 Though all could have offered good reasons, on oath,  
 Against marrying either—or marrying both.



They were equally wealthy and equally old,  
They were equally timid and equally bold ;  
They were equally tall as they stood in their shoes—  
Between them, in fact, there was nothing to choose.

Had I been young EMILY, I should have said,  
“You’re both of you old for a pretty young maid,  
Threescore at the least you are verging upon ;”  
But I wasn’t young EMILY. Let us go on.

No coward’s blood ran in young EMILY’s veins,  
Her martial old father loved bloody campaigns ;  
At the rumours of battles all over the globe  
He pricked up his ears like the war-horse in “Job.”

He chuckled to hear of a sudden surprise  
Of soldiers, compelled, through an enemy’s spies,  
Without any knapsacks, or shakos to flee,  
For an eminent army-contractor was he.

So when her two lovers, whose patience was tried,  
Implored her between them at once to decide,  
She told them she’d marry whichever might bring  
Good proofs of his doing the pluckiest thing.

They both went away with a qualified joy :  
That coward, Old PAUL, chose a very small boy,  
And when no one was looking, in spite of his fears,  
He set to work boxing that little boy’s ears.

The little boy struggled and tugged at his hair,  
But the lion was roused, and Old PAUL didn't care ;  
He smacked him and whacked him, and boxed him  
and kicked,  
Till the poor little beggar was royally licked.



Old TIM knew a trick worth a dozen of that,  
So he called for his stick and he called for his hat.  
“ I'll cover myself with cheap glory—I'll go  
And wallop the Frenchmen who live in Soho !

“ The German invader is ravaging France  
With infantry rifle and cavalry lance,  
And beautiful Paris is fighting her best  
To shake herself free from her terrible guest.

“The Frenchmen in London, in craven alarms,  
Have all run away from the summons to arms ;  
They haven’t the pluck of a pigeon—I’ll go  
And wallop the Frenchmen who skulk in Soho .

Old TIMOTHY tried it and found it succeed :  
That day he caused many French noses to bleed ;  
Through foggy Soho he spread fear and dismay,  
And Frenchmen all round him in agony lay.



He took care to abstain from employing his fist  
On the old and the cripple, for they might resist ;  
An elderly one may have pluck in his breast,  
But the young and the strong ones are cowards  
confest.

Old TIM and Old PAUL, with the list of their foes,  
Prostrated themselves at their EMILY’S toes :  
“Oh, which of us two is the pluckier blade ?”  
And EMILY answered and EMILY said :

"Old TIM has thrashed runaway Frenchmen in  
scores,  
Who ought to be guarding their cities and shores ;  
Old PAUL has made little chaps' noses to bleed—  
Old PAUL has accomplished the pluckier deed !"





## THE MYSTIC SALVAGEE.



PERHAPS already you may know  
 SIR BLENNERHASSET PORTICO?  
 A Captain in the Navy, he—  
 A Baronet and K.C.B.

You do? I thought so!

It was that captain's favourite whim  
 (A notion not confined to him)  
 That RODNEY was the greatest tar  
 Who ever wielded capstan-bar.

He had been taught so.

"BENBOW! CORNWALLIS! HOOD!—Belay!  
Compared with RODNEY"—he would say—

"No other tar is worth a rap;

The great LORD RODNEY was the chap

The French to polish!

Though, mind you, I respect LORD HOOD;

CORNWALLIS, too, was rather good;

BENBOW could enemies repel,

LORD NELSON, too, was pretty well—

That is, tol-lol-ish!"

SIR BLENNERHASSET spent his days

In learning RODNEY'S little ways,

And closely imitated, too,

His mode of talking to his crew—

His port and paces.

An ancient tar he tried to catch

Who'd served in RODNEY'S famous batch;

But since his time long years have fled,

And RODNEY'S tars are mostly dead:

*Eheu fugaces!*

But after searching near and far,

At last he found an ancient tar

Who served with RODNEY and his crew

Against the French in 'Eighty-two,

(That gained the peerage).

He gave him fifty pounds a year,  
 His rum, his baccy, and his beer ;  
 And had a comfortable den  
 Rigged up in what, by merchantmen,  
 Is called the steerage.



“Now, JASPER”—’twas that sailor’s name—  
 “Don’t fear that you’ll incur my blame  
 By saying, when it seems to you,  
 That there is anything I do  
 That RODNEY wouldn’t.”  
 The ancient sailor turned his quid,  
 Prepared to do as he was bid :  
 “Ay, ay, yer honour ; to begin,  
 You’ve done away with ‘swifiting in’—  
 Well, sir, you shouldn’t !

"Upon your spars I see you've clapped  
Peak halliard blocks, all iron-capped.  
I would not christen that a crime,  
But 'twas not done in RODNEY'S time.

It looks half-witted !

Upon your maintop-stay, I see,  
You always clap a salvagee !  
Your stays, I see, are equalised—  
No vessel, such as RODNEY prized,

Would thus be fitted !

"And RODNEY, honoured sir, would grin  
To see you turning deadeyes in,  
Not *up*, as in the ancient way,  
But downwards, like a cutter's stay—

You didn't oughter ;

Besides, in seizing shrouds on board,  
Breast backstays you have quite ignored ;  
Great RODNEY kept unto the last  
Breast backstays on topgallant mast—

They make it tauter."

SIR BLENNERHASSET "swifted in,"  
Turned deadeyes up, and lent a fin  
To strip (as told by JASPER KNOX)  
The iron capping from his blocks,

Where there was any.



SIR BLENNERHASSET does away  
 With salvagees from maintop-stay ;  
 And though it makes his sailors stare,  
 He rigs breast backstays everywhere—

In fact, too many.

One morning, when the saucy craft  
 Lay calmed, old JASPER toddled aft.  
 “My mind misgivè's me, sir, that we  
 Were wrong about that salvagee—

I should restore it.”

“Good,” said the captain, and that day  
 Restored it to the maintop-stay.  
 Well-practised sailors often make  
 A much more serious mistake,

And then ignore it.

Next day old JASPER came once more :  
 “I think, sir, I was right before.”  
 Well, up the mast the sailors skipped,  
 The salvagee was soon unshipped,

And all were merry.

Again a day, and JASPER came :  
 “I p'r'aps deserve your honour's blame,  
 I can't make up my mind,” said he,  
 “About that cursed salvagee—

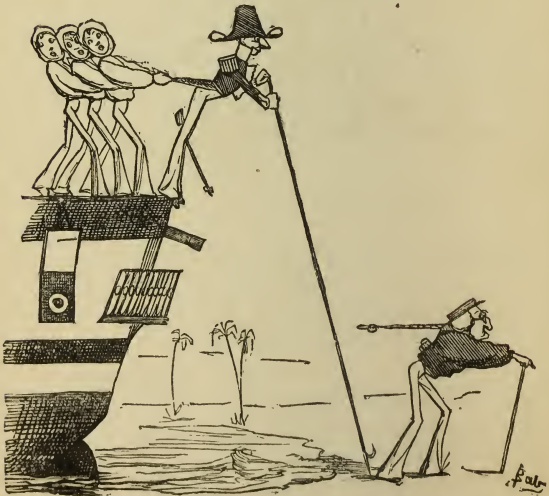
It's foolish—very.

"On Monday night I could have sworn  
That maintop-stay it should adorn,  
On Tuesday morning I could swear  
That salvagee should not be there.

The knot's a rasper!"

"Oh, you be hanged!" said CAPTAIN P.,  
"Here, go ashore at Caribbee.  
Get out—good-bye—shove off—all right!"  
Old JASPER soon was out of sight—

Farewell, old JASPER!





## THE CUNNING WOMAN.

**I**N all Arcadia's sunny plain,  
 On all Arcadia's hill,  
 None were so blithe as BILL and JANE,  
 So blithe as JANE and BILL.

No social earthquake e'er occurred  
 To rack their common mind :  
 To them a Panic was a word—  
 A Crisis, empty wind.

No Stock Exchange disturbed the lad  
With overwhelming shocks—  
BILL ploughed with all the shares he had,  
JANE planted all her stocks.

And learn in what a simple way  
Their pleasures they enhanced—  
JANE danced like any lamb all day,  
BILL piped as well as danced.

Surrounded by a twittling crew,  
Of linnet, lark, and thrush,  
BILL treated his young lady to  
This sentimental gush :

“Oh, JANE, how true I am to you !  
How true you are to me !  
And how we woo, and how we coo !  
So fond a pair are we !

“To think, dear JANE, that anyways,  
Your chiefest end and aim  
Is, one of these fine summer days,  
To bear my honoured name !”

Quoth JANE, “Well, as you put the case,  
I’m true enough, no doubt,  
But then, you see, in this here place  
There’s none to cut you out.

“But, oh ! if anybody came,  
A Lord or any such,  
I do not think your honoured name  
Would fascinate me much.

“For though your pals, you often boast,  
 You distance out-and-out ;  
 Still, in the abstract, you’re a most  
 Uncompromising lout !”

Poor BILL, he gave a heavy sigh,  
 He tried in vain to speak—  
 A fat tear started to each eye  
 And coursed adown each cheek.

For, oh ! right well in truth be knew  
 That very self-same day,  
 The LORD DE JACOB PILLALOO  
 Was coming there to stay !

The LORD DE JACOB PILLALOO  
 All proper maidens shun—  
 He loves all womankind, it’s true,  
 But never marries none.

Now JANE, with all her mad self-will,  
 Was no coquette—oh, no !  
 She really loved her painful BILL,  
 And thus she tuned her woe :

“Oh, willow, willow, o’er the lea !  
 And willow once again !  
 He’s sure to fall in love with me !  
 Why wasn’t I made plain ?”

\* \* \* \*

A cunning woman lived hard by,  
 A sorceressing dame,  
 MAC CATACOMB DE SALMON-EYE  
 Was her uncommon name !

To her good JANE, with kindly yearn  
For BILL'S increasing pain,  
Repaired in secret, for to learn  
How best so make her plain.

"Oh, JANE," the worthy woman said,  
"This mystic phial keep,  
And rub its liquor in your head  
Before you go to sleep.

"When you awake next day, I trow,  
You'll look in form and hue  
To others just as you do now—  
But not to PILLALOO !

"When you approach him, you will find  
He'll think you coarse—unkempt—  
And coarsely bid you get behind,  
With undisguised contempt."

The LORD DE PILLALOO arrived  
With his expensive train,  
And when in state serenely hived,  
He sent for BILL and JANE.

"Oh, spare her, LORD OF PILLALOO !  
If ever wed you be,  
There's anything I'd rather do  
Than flirt with LADY P."

LORD PILLALOO looked in her eye,  
He looked her through and through :  
The cunning woman's prophecy  
Was clearly coming true.

LORD PILLALOO, the Rustic's Bane  
(Bad person he, and proud),  
*He laughed Ha! ha! at pretty JANE,*  
*And sneered at her aloud!*

He bade her get behind him then,  
And seek her mother's sty—  
Yet to her native countrymen  
She was as fair as aye!

MACCATACOMB, continue green!  
Grow, SALMON-EYE, in might,  
Except for you, there might have been  
The deuce's own delight!





## PHRENOLOGY.

“COME, collar this bad man—  
 Around the throat he knotted me  
 Till I to choke began—  
 In point of fact, garrotted me !”

So spake SIR HERBERT WHITE  
 To JAMES, Policeman Thirty-two—  
 All ruffled with his fight  
 SIR HERBERT was, and dirty too.



Policeman nothing said  
 (Though he had much to say on it)  
 But from the bad man's head  
 He took the cap that lay on it.

“No, great SIR HERBERT WHITE—  
 Impossible to take him up.  
 This man is honest quite—  
 Wherever did you rake him up?”

“For Burglars, Thieves, and Co.,  
 Indeed I'm no apologist,  
 But I, some years ago,  
 Assisted a Phrenologist.

“Observe his various bumps,  
 His head as I uncover it ;  
 His morals lie in lumps  
 All round about and over it.”

“Now take him,” said SIR WHITE,  
 “Or you will soon be rueing it ;  
 Bless me ! I must be right,—  
 I caught the fellow doing it !”

Policeman calmly smiled,  
 “Indeed you are mistaken, sir,  
 You're agitated—riled—  
 And very badly shaken, sir.

“Sit down, and I'll explain  
 My system of Phrenology,  
 A second, please, remain”—  
 (A second is horology).



Policeman left his beat—  
 (The Bart., no longer furious,  
 Sat down upon a seat,  
 Observing, "this is curious!")

"Oh, surely, here are signs  
 Should soften your rigidity,  
 This gentleman combines  
 Politeness with timidity.

"Of Shyness here's a lump—  
 A hole for Animosity—  
 And like my fist his bump  
 Of Impecuniosity.

"Just here the bump appears  
 Of Innocent Hilarity,  
 And just behind his ear  
 Are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

“ He of true Christian ways  
 As bright example sent us is—  
 This maxim he obeys,  
 ‘*Sorte tuâ contentus sis.*’

“ There, let him go his ways,  
 He needs no stern admonishing.”  
 The Bart., in blank amaze,  
 Exclaimed, “ This is astonishing !

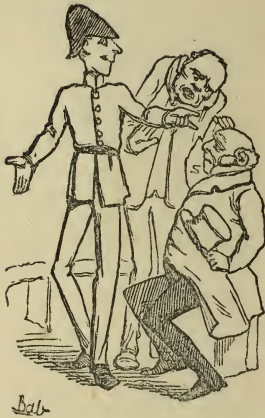
“ I *must* have made a mull,  
 This matter I’ve been blind in it :  
 Examine, please, *my* skull,  
 And tell me what you find in it.”

That Crusher looked, and said,  
 With unimpaired urbanity,  
 “ SIR HERBERT, you’ve a head  
 That teems with inhumanity.

“ Here’s Murder, Envy, Strife,  
 (Propensity to kill any)  
 And Lies as large as life,  
 And heaps of Social Villainy.

“ Here’s Love of Bran New Clothes,  
 Embezzling—Arson—Deism—  
 A taste for Slang and Oaths,  
 And Fraudulent Trusteeism.

“ Here’s Love of Groundless Charge—  
 Here’s Malice, too, and Trickery,  
 Unusually large  
 Your bump of Pocket-Pickery——”



“Stop!” said the Bart., “my cup  
 Is full—I’m worse than him in all—  
 Policeman, take me up—  
 No doubt I am some criminal!”

That Policeman’s scorn grew large  
 (Phrenology had nettled it),  
 He took that Bart. in charge—  
 I don’t know how they settled it.



## THE FAIRY CURATE.



**O**NCE a fairy  
 Light and airy  
 Married with a mortal ;  
     Men, however,  
     Never, never,  
 Pass the fairy portal.  
     Slyly stealing,  
     She to Ealing  
 Made a daily journey ;  
     There she found him,  
     Clients round him  
 (He was an attorney).

Long they tarried,  
 Then they married.  
 When the ceremony  
 Once was ended,  
 Off they wended  
 On their moon of honey.  
 Twelvemonth, maybe,  
 Saw a baby  
 (Friends performed an orgie).  
 Much they prized him,  
 And baptized him  
 By the name of GEORGIE.

GEORGIE grew up ;  
 Then he flew up  
 To his fairy mother.  
 Happy meeting—  
 Pleasant greeting—  
 Kissing one another.  
 "Choose a calling  
 Most enthralling,  
 I sincerely urge ye."  
 "Mother," said he  
 (Rev'rence made he),  
 "I would join the clergy.

"Give permission  
 In addition—  
 Pa will let me do it :

He's a-living  
In his giving,  
He'll appoint me to it.  
Dreams of coff'ring  
Easter off'ring,  
Tithe and rent and pew-rate,  
So inflame me  
(Do not blame me),  
That I'll be a curate."

She, with pleasure,  
Said, " My treasure,  
'Tis my wish precisely.  
Do your duty,  
There's a beauty ;  
You have chosen wisely.  
Tell your father  
I would rather  
As a churchman rank you.  
You, in clover,  
I'll watch over."  
GEORGIE said, " Oh, thank you !"

GEORGIE scudded,  
Went and studied,  
Made all preparations,  
And with credit  
(Though he said it)  
Passed examinations.

(Do not quarrel  
 With him, moral,  
 Scrupulous digestions—  
 'Twas his mother  
 And no other,  
 Answered all his questions).

Time proceeded ;  
 Little needed  
 GEORGIE admonition :  
 He, elated,  
 Vindicated  
 Clergyman's position.  
 People round him  
 Always found him  
 Plain and unpretending ;  
 Kindly teaching,  
 Plainly preaching—  
 All his money lending.

So the fairy,  
 Wise and wary,  
 Felt no sorrow rising—  
 No occasion  
 For persuasion,  
 Warning, or advising.  
 He, resuming  
 Fairy pluming  
 (That's not English, is it?)  
 Oft would fly up,  
 To the sky up,  
 Pay mamma a visit.





\* \* \* \* \*

Time progressing,  
GEORGIE'S blessing  
Grew more Ritualistic—

Popish scandals,  
 Tonsures—sandals—  
 Genuflections mystic ;  
 Gushing meetings—  
 Bosom-beatings—  
 Heavenly ecstasies—  
 Broidered spencers—  
 Copes and censers—  
 Rochets and dalmatics.

This quandary  
 Vexed the fairy—  
 Flew she down to Ealing.  
 "GEORGIE, stop it !  
 Pray you, drop it ;  
 Hark to my appealing :  
 To this foolish  
 Papal rule-ish  
 Twaddle put an ending ;  
 This a swerve is  
 From our Service  
 Plain and unpretending."

He, replying,  
 Answered, sighing,  
 Hawing, hemming, humming,  
 "It's a pity—  
 They're so pritty ;  
 Yet in mode becoming,

Mother tender,  
 I'll surrender—  
 I'll be unaffected—”  
 Then his Bishop  
 Into *his* shop  
 Entered unexpected !



“ Who is this, sir,—  
 Ballet miss, sir ? ”  
 Said the Bishop coldly.  
 “ ’Tis my mother,  
 And no other, ”  
 GEORGIE answered boldly.

"Go along, sir!  
You are wrong, sir,  
You have years in plenty;  
While this hussy  
(Gracious mussy!)  
Isn't two and twenty!"

(Faries clever  
Never, never  
Grow in visage older;  
And the fairy,  
All unwary,  
Leant upon his shoulder!)  
Bishop grieved him,  
Disbelieved him;  
GEORGE the point grew warm on;  
Changed religion,  
Like a pigeon,  
And became a Mormon!

---



## THE WAY OF WOOING.

—◆—

A MAIDEN sat at her window wide,  
Pretty enough for a prince's bride,  
Yet nobody came to claim her.  
She sat like a beautiful picture there,  
With pretty bluebells and roses fair,  
And jasmine leaves to frame her.

And why she sat there nobody knows ;  
 But thus she sang as she plucked a rose,  
     The leaves around her strewing :  
 "I've time to lose and power to choose ;  
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos  
     But the gallant's way of wooing !"



A lover came riding by awhile,  
 A wealthy lover was he, whose smile  
     Some maids would value greatly—  
 A formal lover, who bowed and bent,  
 With many a high-flown compliment,

And cold demeanour stately.  
 "You've still," said she to her suitor stern,  
 "The 'prentice-work of your craft to learn,  
 If thus you come a-cooing.  
 I've time to lose and power to choose ;  
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos  
 As the gallant's way of wooing !"



A second lover came ambling by—  
 A timid lad with a frightened eye  
 And a colour mantling highly.  
 He muttered the errand on which he'd come,  
 Then only chuckled and bit his thumb,  
 And simpered, simpered shyly.  
 "No," said the maiden, "go your way,  
 You dare but think what a man would say,  
 Yet dare come a-suing !  
 I've time to loose and power to choose ;  
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos  
 As the gallant's way of wooing !"

A third rode up at a startling pace—  
A suitor poor, with a homely face—  
No doubts appeared to bind him.  
He kissed her lips and he pressed her waist,  
And off he rode with the maiden, placed  
On a pillion safe behind him.  
And she heard the suitor bold confide  
This golden hint to the priest who tied  
The knot there's no undoing :  
"With pretty young maidens who can choose,  
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos  
As the gallant's way of wooing !"







## HONGREE AND MAHRY.

(*A Transpontine Romance.*)

—◆—

**T**HE sun was setting in its wonted west,  
 When HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chas-  
 soores,  
 Met MAHRY DAUBIGNY, the Village Rose,  
 Under the Wizard's Oak—old trysting-place  
 Of those who loved in rosy Aquitaine.

They thought themselves unwatched, but they were  
 not;  
 For HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors,

Found in LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOOLES DUBOSC  
 A rival, envious and unscrupulous,  
 Who thought it not foul scorn to dodge his steps,  
 And listen, unperceived, to all that passed  
 Between the simple little Village Rose  
 And HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores.

A clumsy barrack-bully was DUBOSC,  
 Quite unfamiliar with the well-bred tact  
 That animates a proper gentleman  
 In dealing with a girl of humble rank.  
 You'll understand his coarseness when I say  
 He would have married MAHRY DAUBIGNY,  
 And dragged the unsophisticated girl  
 Into the whirl of fashionable life,  
 For which her singularly rustic ways,  
 Her breeding (moral, but extremely rude),  
 Her language (chaste, but ungrammatical)  
 Would absolutely have unfitted her.  
 How different to this unreflecting boor  
 Was HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores !

Contemporary with the incident  
 Related in our opening paragraph,  
 Was that sad war 'twixt Gallia and ourselves  
 That followed on the treaty signed at Troyes ;  
 And so LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOOLES DUBOSC  
 (Brave soldier, he, with all his faults of style)  
 And HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,  
 Were sent by CHARLES of France against the lines  
 Of our Sixth HENRY (Fourteen twenty-nine),  
 To drive his legions cut of Aquitaine.

When HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,  
 Returned, suspecting nothing, to his camp,  
 After his meeting with the Village Rose,  
 He found inside his barrack letter-box  
 A note from the commanding officer,  
 Requiring his attendance at head-quarters.



He went, and found LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOOLES.  
 "Young HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,  
 This night we shall attack the English camp :  
 Be the 'forlorn hope' yours—you'll lead it, sir,  
 And lead it too with credit, I've no doubt"  
 (These last words with a cruelly obvious sneer)  
 "As every man must certainly be killed

(For you are twenty 'gainst two thousand men),  
 It is not likely that you will return.  
 But what of that? you 'll have the benefit  
 Of knowing that you die a soldier's death."

Obedience was young HONGREE's strongest point,  
 But he imagined that he only owed  
 Allegiance to his MAHRY and his King.

"If MAHRY bade me lead these fated men,  
 I'd lead them—but I do not think she would.  
 If CHARLES, my King, said, 'Go, my son, and die,'  
 I'd go, of course—my duty would be clear.  
 But MAHRY is in bed asleep, I hope,  
 And CHARLES, my King, three hundred leagues from  
 this.

As for LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOOLES DUBOSC,  
 How know I that our monarch would approve  
 The order he has given me to-night?

My King I've sworn in all things to obey—  
 I'll only take my orders from my King!"  
 Thus HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoors  
 Interpreted the terms of his commission.

And HONGREE, who was wise as he was good,  
 Disguised himself that night in ample cloak,  
 Round flapping hat, and visor mask of black,  
 And made, unnoticed, for the English camp.  
 He passed the unsuspecting sentinels  
 (Who little thought a man in this disguise  
 Could be a proper object of suspicion),  
 And ere the curfew-bell had boomed "lights out,"  
 He found in audience Bedford's haughty Duke.



"Your Grace," he said, "start not—be not alarmed,  
 Although a Frenchman stands before your eyes.  
 I'm HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores.  
 My colonel will attack your camp to-night,  
 And orders me to lead the hope forlorn.  
 Now I am sure our excellent KING CHARLES  
 Would not approve of this; but he's away  
 A hundred leagues, and rather more than that.  
 So, utterly devoted to my King,  
 Blinded by my attachment to the throne,  
 And having but its interest at heart,  
 I feel it is my duty to disclose  
 All schemes that emanate from COLONEL JOOLLES,  
 If I believe that they are not the kind  
 Of schemes that our good monarch could approve."

"But how," said Bedford's Duke, "do you propose  
 That we should overthrow your colonel's scheme?"  
 And HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,  
 Replied at once with never-failing tact :  
 "Oh, sir, I know this cursed country well.  
 Entrust yourself and all your host to me ;  
 I'll lead you safely by a secret path  
 Into the heart of COLONEL JOOLES' array,  
 And you can then attack them unprepared,  
 And slay my fellow-countrymen unarmed."

The thing was done. The DUKE of BEDFORD gave  
 The order, and two thousand fighting-men  
 Crept silently into the Gallic camp,  
 And slew the Frenchmen as they lay asleep ;  
 And Bedford's haughty Duke slew COLONEL JOOLES,  
 And married MAHRY, pride of Aquitaine,  
 To HONGREE, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores.



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Most Suitable for  
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A VERY SERVICEABLE  
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*Of all Hosiery and Drapers  
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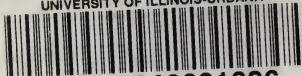


For all	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>From the Laboratory of</i>  <b>THOMAS JACKSON,</b>            Strangeways, MANCHESTER.</p>	The Year Round.
Jackson's Benzine Rect.	<p>For taking out GREASE, OIL, PAINT, &amp;c., from Carpets, Curtains, Clothes, Drapery, Dresses, be the material Cotton, Linen, Silk, or Wool, the texture Fine or Coarse.</p> <p>It cleans admirably Kid Gloves and Satin Slippers, Furs, Feathers, Books, Cards, Manuscripts. It may be freely used to rinse and wash Frail or Gilt Trifles, to which water would be destructive.</p>	At 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. Parcel Post, 3d. extra.
Jackson's Chinese Diamond Cement.	<p style="text-align: center;">REGISTERED</p> <div style="text-align: center;">  </div> <p>FOR MENDING EVERY ARTICLE OF ORNAMENT OR FURNITURE, CHINA, GLASS, EARTHENWARE, &amp;c. It surpasses in neatness, in strength, and cheapness, and retains its virtues in all climates. It has stood the test of time, and in all quarters of the globe.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Sold in</i>  <i>Bottles at</i>  <b>6d. &amp; 1s.</b>  <i>Or by Inland</i>  <i>Post for</i>  <b>1s. 2d.</b></p>
WANSBROUGH'S Metallic Nipple Shields.	<p>FOR LADIES NURSING.—By wearing the WANSBROUGH Shields in ordinary, whilst the nipples are healthy, they screen from all external sources of irritation. They are easy to wear, holding on like Limpets. Sore Nipples heal whilst reposing in the bath of milk secreted within the Shields, which give at the same time both Comfort and Protection.</p> <p><i>Every box is labelled</i>  <i>Wansbrough's Shields.</i>  <i>Made by</i> <i>The Jackson</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">At  <b>1s. per Pair,</b>  <i>or by</i>  <b>Inland Post,</b>  <b>1s. 2d.</b></p>
Jackson's Rusma.	<p>For the removal of Hair without a Razor, from the Arms, Neck, or Face, as well as Sunburn or Tan.</p> <p>The activity of this depilatory is notable. It is easy and safe. It leaves a Whole Skin and a Clean Complexion.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">At 1s.  <i>By</i>  <b>Inland Post,</b>  <b>1s. 2d.</b></p>
1892.	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL DRUGGISTS.</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">For Abroad            at Foreign            Postal Rates.</p>

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